D7160

MAYFAIR

Vol. 19 No. 9 ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN £1.00

Nike Clarke: Top model, Starbird & Page Three favourite

IN MAYFAIR FIRST

The Penthouse Pet of the Year shows how to model with a million dollars

GREAT NEW CONTEST: Win the ultimate in Hi-Tech TV

NORTH AMERICA
$3.25

AUSTRIA 55.00 A. SCH
CANARY ISLANDS 375 PTAS
DENMARK 24.50 KR
FINLAND 20.00 FM
FRANCE 28.50 NF
GERMANY 11.00 DM
HOLLAND 7.90 FL
ITALY 5,000 L
NORWAY 27.00 KR
SPAIN 350 PTAS
SWITZERLAND 6.80 SFR

Cover: Model, Jeanette; photographed by Jean Rougeron

MAYFAIR

Incorporating King

Telephone number: 01-242 1593

95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

Vol.19 No. 9

ABC net paid circulation 354, 898

Captivating Karen, page 51.

Corvettes, page 62.

CONTENTS

SPECIAL FEATURES

			page
Sunderland – The Flying Porcupine:	The RAF's deadly flying boat	*Ken Wixey*	44
The Waiting Game:	He's at your service, or is he?	*Paul Keers*	69
Carrie:	Our stripgirl in a brush with an artist	*Steve Kingston*	112
GIRLS			
Olivia:	A nanny who's a hit with the kids	*Michael Moore*	12
Roberta:	Share time with time-sharing's desirable property	*Ian Potter*	20
Nike Clarke:	Another top model you've asked to see	*Mario Marnoto*	36
Karen:	Meet a chat show guest who's big Down Under	*John Allum*	51
Annie:	She's the Abba blonde's nudest look-alike	*Peter Flodquist*	71
Jeanette:	The million dollar *Penthouse* pet 'spends' it for *Mayfair*	*Jean Rougeron*	92
Sylvie:	Linger over another lingerie lass	*Donald Milne*	104
HUMOUR			
Prints Charming:	Hints for the snap happy	*Peter Maddocks*	27
Naked And The Red:	Nudist colonies cartooned	*Brian Forbes*	79
Gentlemen, That Reminds Me:	Our round-up of your choice jokes		101
INFORMERS			
Motoring:	Corvette – the gem from GM	*Ed Alexander*	62
Quest:	Judas confessors		83
FICTION			
A World In Edgeways:	An accident at the atom plant has explosive consequences	*James Hill*	24
COMPETITIONS	Win a Sony Profeel TV system		47
SPECIAL OFFERS	**Jigsaws** page 8/ **Sexy Nights Lingerie Collection** page 77 **Mayfair's 1985 Calendar and Diary** page 100/ **Pure Silk Lingerie** page 102		
READER SERVICES	**Letters** page 11/ **Book Society** page 30/ **Subscription Details** pages 33 and 90 **Back Numbers** page 34/ **Film Club** page 88/ **Binders** page 89		
CRITICS	**Travel, Films, Eating Out**		31

Editor **Kenneth Bound** / Deputy Editor **Peter Wilton** / Art Editor **Kenneth Sims** / Features Editor **Martin Burr** / Chief Sub-Editor **Clive Harris** Motoring **William Boddy** / Eating Out **Brian O'Hanlon** / Discs **Peter Hopkin** / Travel Editor **Ian Marlowe** / Films **Gerald Cole** / Wine **Charles Fforde**/Readers' Service **Pat Asquith**/Advertisement Director **Adrian Walker**/published monthly by Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2. Reg. London No. 875169. Reg. Office 95a Chancery Lane, WC2/Distributed by Seymour Press Ltd., 334 Brixton Road, London SW9/Origination by Moorgate Lithoplates Services Ltd./Printing and binding by The Artisan Press Ltd., Beaumont Leys, Leicester, England/**Fiction:** all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead/**Contributions:** although every care will be taken of all materials submitted for publication Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., their servants or agents, accept no responsibility for loss, damage or destruction, however arising, while in their offices, in transit or elsewhere/

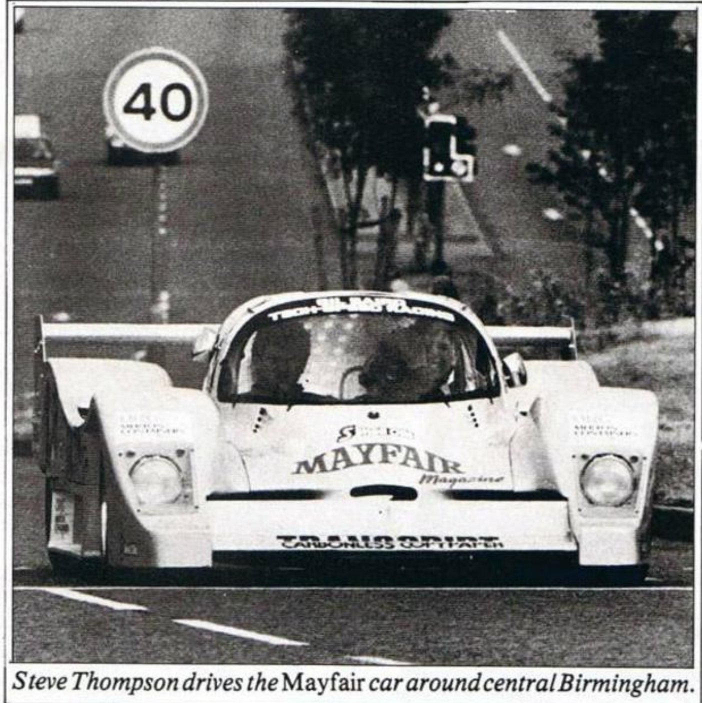
Copyright - Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., London, WC2.

SCENE

Our *Girls You've Asked to See* feature has sparked off a huge response from you, and nominations continue to flood in. This month, we feature two more of your favourites. Top model Nike Clarke has adorned *Page Three* and the *Daily Star* many times, although now she says she has largely given up topless modelling. *Mayfair* readers are fortunate though. They can catch all of Nike's 36-24-36 figure from page 36 onwards. The other requested cutie is Sylvie Richards. She caught your eye when she appeared regularly in our lingerie advertisements, and had you begging us to undress her still further. Admire her in the set beginning on page 104.

Mayfair was on the streets, quite literally, recently when the 3.3-litre DVG GRID Thundersports car we sponsor took a spin around Birmingham. The car, driven by Steve Thompson, sped around three laps of the city centre, where it is hoped to stage Monaco-style races in 1986. The course is tight, twisting and sometimes bumpy compared to Grand Prix tracks, but Steve still managed to reach speeds over 100 mph.

Readers may also have spotted our car at this country's most prestigious motor racing meeting, the British Grand Prix, where it took part in the major support race for Thundersports cars. Filmed by the BBC for later transmission, the 30 lap race around Brands Hatch proved an exciting one for drivers Thompson and Tony Lanfranchi who has raced for *Mayfair* for many years. However the best part in our opinion was when our car zoomed past another, right in front of the grandstand. The hapless loser was sponsored by *Penthouse*. Needless to say, we finished well ahead of it. The same could be said of the circulation battle.



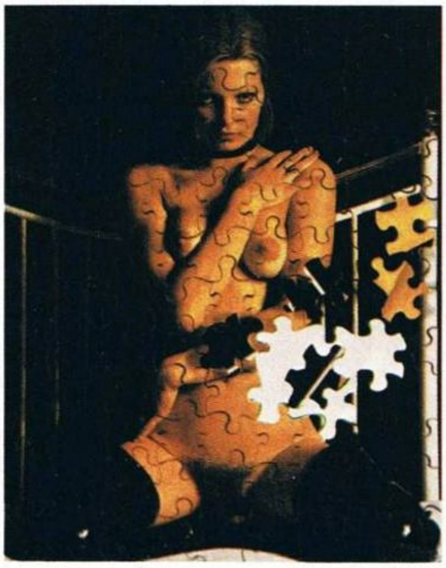
Steve Thompson drives the Mayfair *car around central Birmingham.*

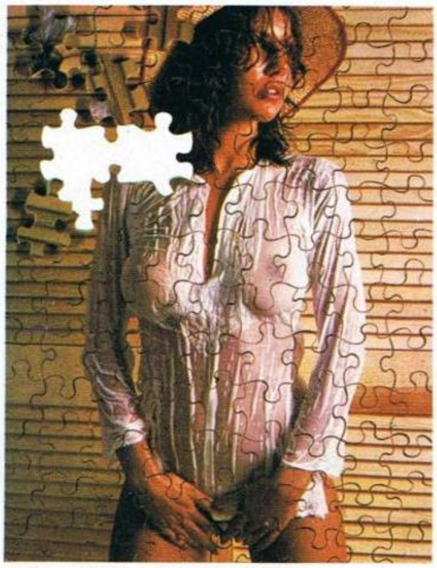
Fans of jokes in the worst possible taste will love a new book published by Arrow this month. *Outrageously Offensive Jokes* (priced £1.50) is compiled by Maude Thickett, and the subjects chosen range from the sexual proclivities of Italians to a chapter simply called 'Various Villainies'. Our favourite at the moment is:

Did you hear about the nymphomaniac at the hotel pool?

She was barred after the lifeguard saw her going down for the third time.

TERRIFIC DOUBLE JIGSAW OFFER





Do girls go to pieces when you touch them? Our two will. That's because lovely Lesley and Lynda are featured on *Mayfair's* quality hand-cut wooden jigsaws. They are just waiting to be reassembled. Lesley is provocatively poised in her PVC boots, Lynda in a clingy, wet smock. Both are perfectly reproduced and measure 11½ inches by 8½ inches. What's more, you don't have to puzzle out which one to choose. Both our jigsaw girls will be sent to you, discreetly packaged, for just £4.99. Why not get them together today?

Please send me....(Qty) set(s) of the two *Mayfair* Jigsaws at the special offer price of £4.99
I enclose a cheque/postal order for £.............. made payable to *Mayfair* Jigsaw Offer.
Signed..

NAME..
ADDRESS..
....
....

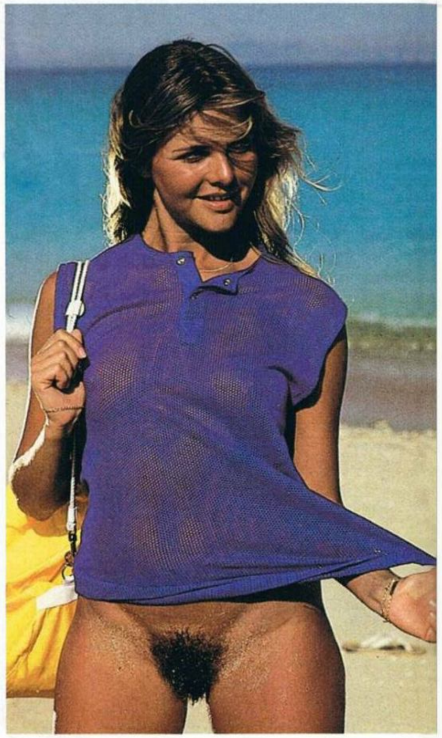
M199

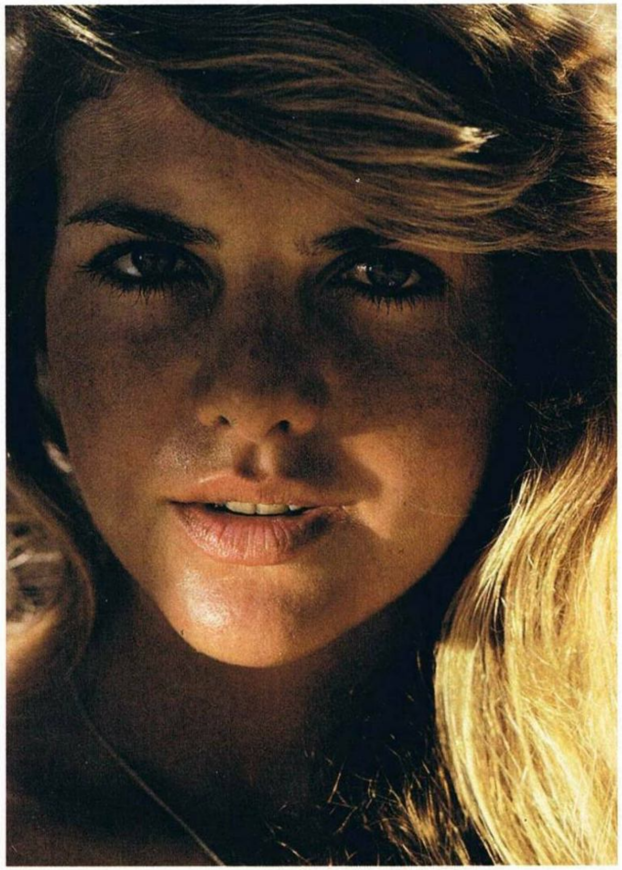
IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO CUT YOUR MAGAZINE, THEN PHOTOCOPY THIS COUPON OR SEND YOUR ORDER ON PLAIN PAPER

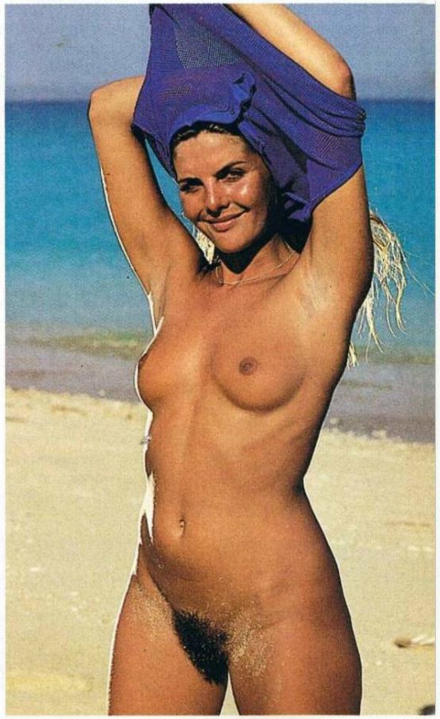
Olivia

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL MOORE

If you've ever had time to sit in Kensington Gardens and watch the world go by, you might have noticed a leggy blonde with a sexy smile and three children. That would probably be 20-year-old Olivia Long. But before you moan about all the pretty girls being married, don't fret. Olivia is a professional nanny, and very much a single girl. 'It's a shame sometimes. I see a dishy guy, but if I'm with the children he takes no notice.'



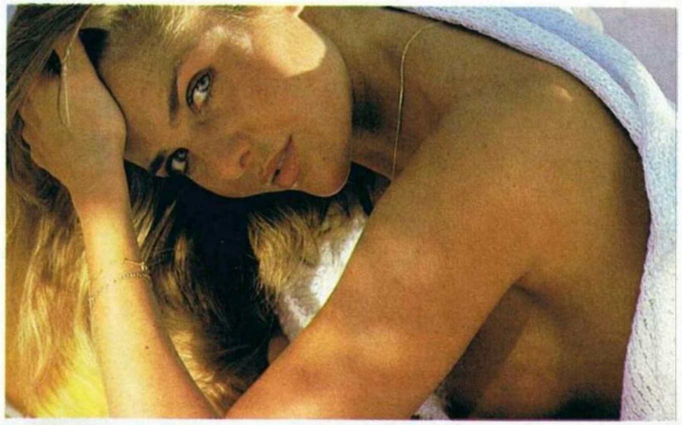


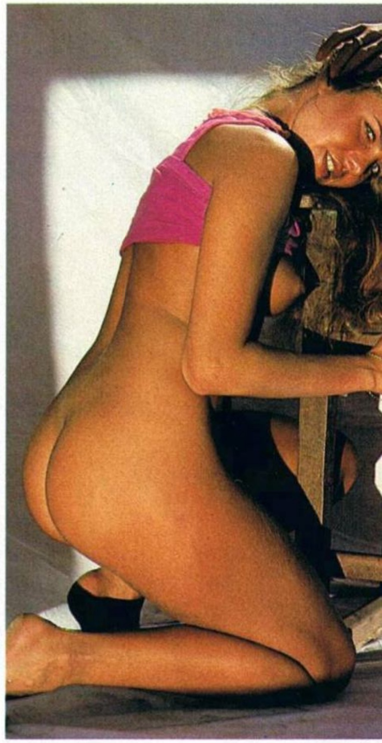


In fact Olivia is planning on getting herself a T-shirt with, 'They're not mine' printed on it. 'They're lovely kids, but let's face it, how many guys would chat me up with three toddlers in tow?' Olivia is lucky because the family she works for spend every summer abroad, and of course she goes along to look after the children. This year it was the Seychelles where Michael Moore was pleased to photograph her 36-24-26.

FOR MOUTH
INFLATION
USE THE
RFD COMPANY LTD
GODALMING
ENGLAND
TIE TAPES ROUND BODY

Olivia had always wanted to be a nanny because she is so fond of children. 'This way I get the best of both worlds. I'm with the kids all day, but in the evenings I can go out to the clubs and have a wild time. I do not have a regular boyfriend because I don't want a serious relationship yet, but one day I'll settle down and have children of my own.' Apart from discos, Olivia enjoys playing bridge, or riding her horse along Rotten Row in Hyde Park.



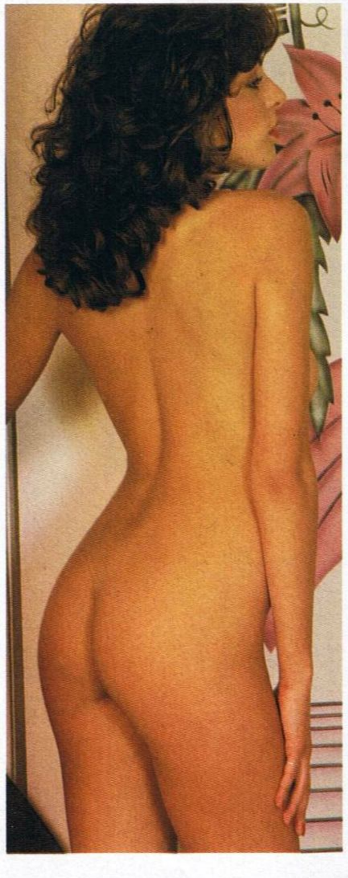


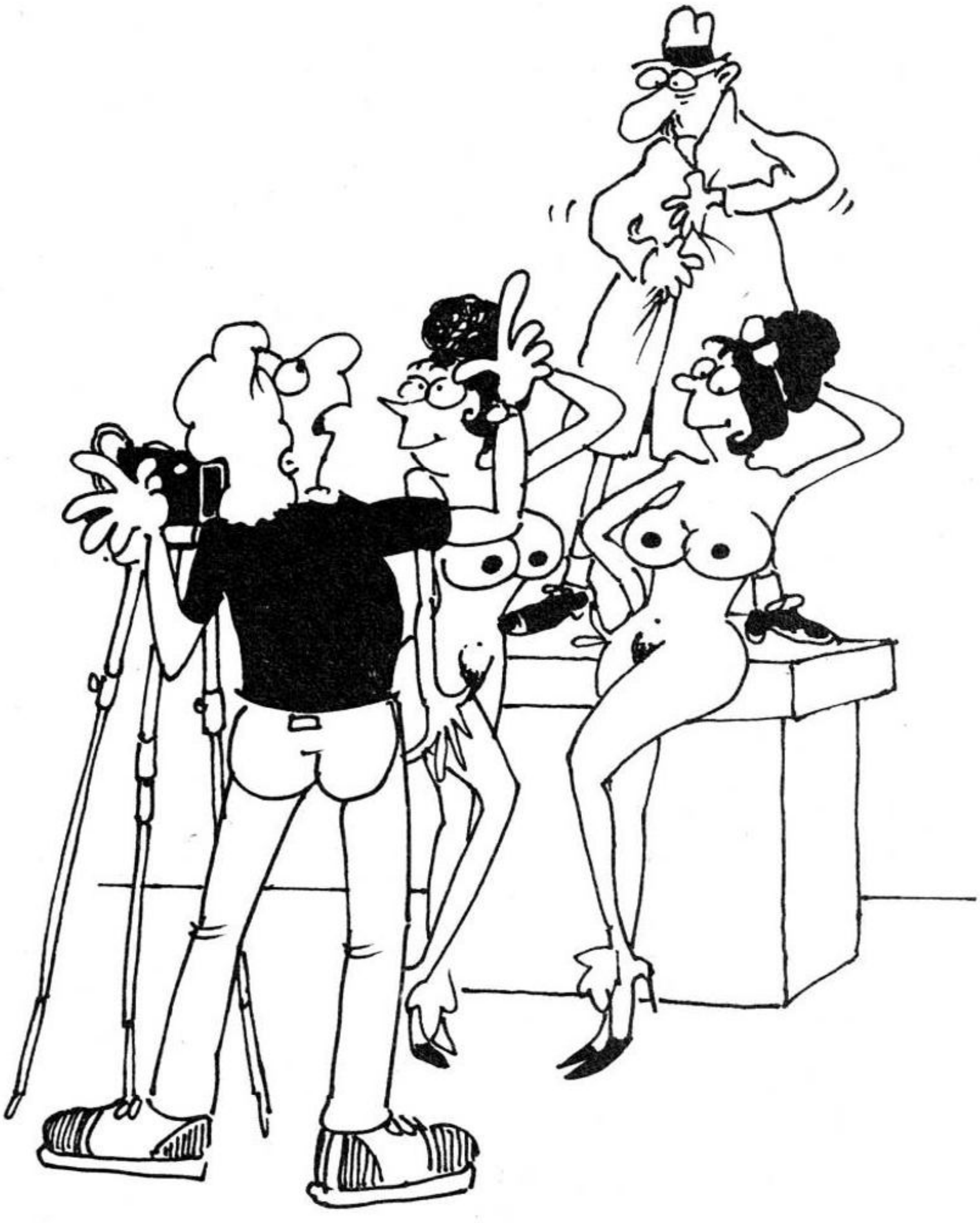
ROBERTA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY IAN POTTER

If you have a week or two to spare during the year, and would like to enjoy it in different surroundings, then Roberta Campbell-Johnston would like to hear from you. For 22-year-old Roberta works for a firm dealing in time-share apartments. 'We have interests in the south of France, and once-stately homes in England,' says 34-22-35 Roberta, who lives in Richmond, Surrey, with her fluffy bunny Thumper. Roberta came originally from Perthshire, but now has only the faintest trace of a Scots accent, which she believes is a great pity.

Roberta has been able to benefit materially from her connections in the property business, and has, with a few friends, purchased three weeks in a time-share apartment in Minorca. 'But in Britain,' she says, 'developers in the time-share business are the only salvation for many of our historic buildings, which otherwise would crumble. Few individuals are able to buy these really huge old properties and do them up.' Away from work Roberta spends most of her time clubbing in the West End, flitting between the *Valbonne*, the *Hippodrome*, *Stringfellows* and *Tramp*.

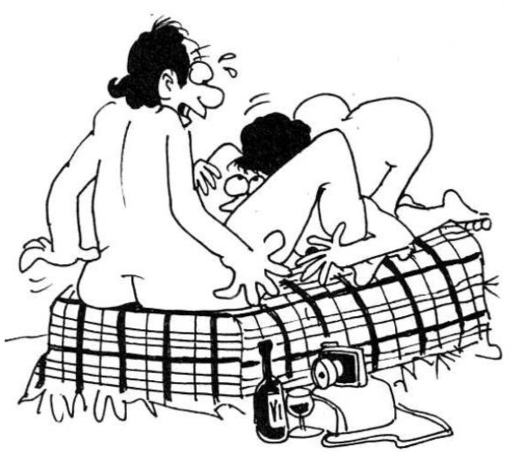




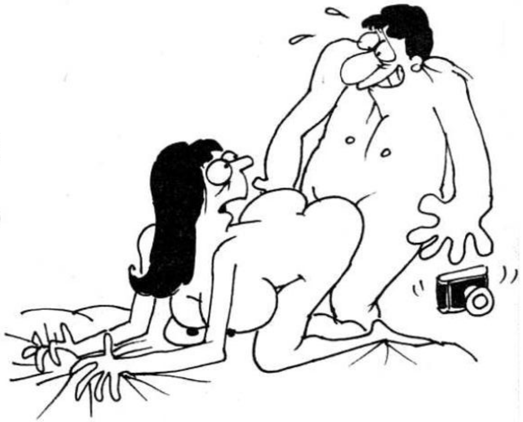
DON'T FORGET TO FLASH

Snap Happy

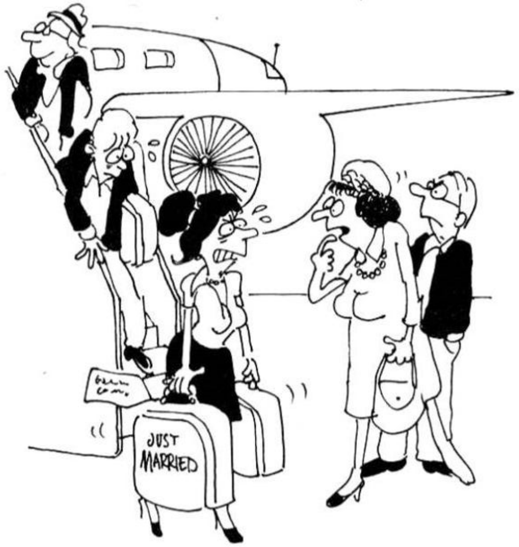
Some amateur photographers find it hard to click, so cartoonist Peter Maddocks provides some tips to put them in the picture



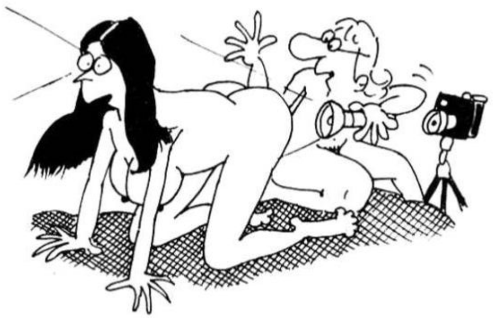
REMEMBER TO TAKE THE CAP OFF



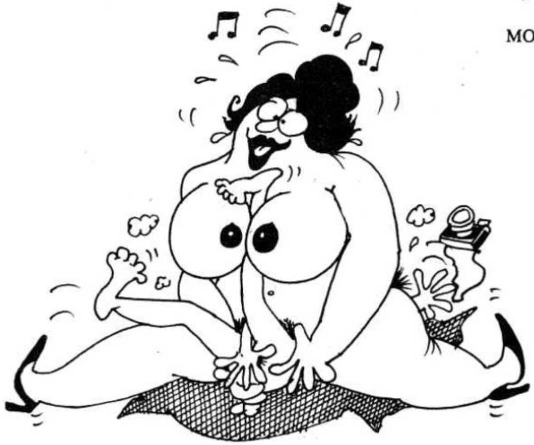
MOUNTING IT ON A TRIPOD CAN PREVENT SHAKING



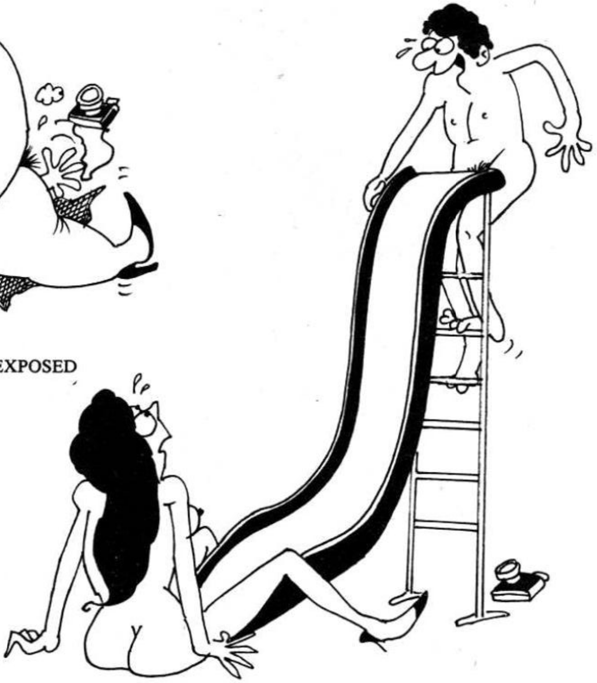
MAKE SURE IT ISN'T UNDERDEVELOPED



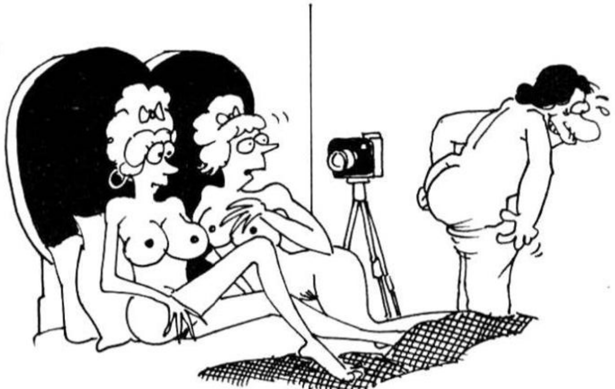
CORRECT LIGHTING IS IMPORTANT



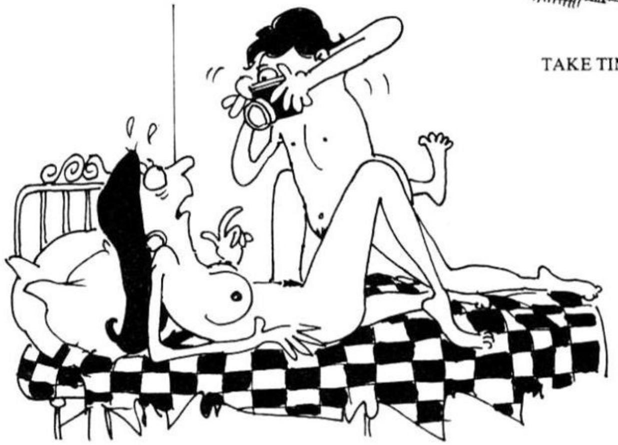
MAKE CERTAIN YOU ARE NOT OVER-EXPOSED



SLIDES ARE WORTH TRYING



TAKE TIME TO FOCUS PROPERLY



A FILTER IS SOMETIMES NECESSARY

FILMS

Gerald Cole

*****A Classic, ****Excellent, ***Good, **Average, *Boring
♡♡♡♡♡An Erotic Classic, ♡♡♡♡Highly Arousing, ♡♡♡Titillating, ♡♡Limp, ♡No discernable sex content

*** ♡♡♡ **Lassiter** (18), 1 hr 37 mins. Surprised by a shapely blonde householder, successful cat burglar Lassiter (Tom Selleck) is obliged to unclip the lady's dress and then her bra in full view of her unheeding husband. Not long afterwards he's massaging back and buttocks of his full-rearily nude (if you can have such a thing) girlfriend (Jane Seymour). And he's still got sadistic Nazi Kari von Fursten (Lauren Hutton) – a lady who enjoys despatching lovers by needle in the back of the neck while in the throes of lovemaking – to come. In short, an unusual amount of sex and violence for an unassuming thud-and-blunder yarn involving stolen jewels, and nasty Nazis on the eve of World War Two. There's imbalance, too, in the pacing and the image of Wehrmacht troops openly guarding London's 1939 German embassy with machine pistols – which they use frequently and indiscriminately.

**** ♡♡ **Comfort & Joy**, (U), 1 hr 40 mins. When Glasgow local radio DJ Alan Bird (Bill Paterson) finds his live-in, kleptomaniac girlfriend (Eleanor David) deserting him at five minute's notice the week before Christmas – carrying the contents of their flat with her – he decides it's time to take life seriously. The result is his immediate and disastrous involvement in a feud between rival ice-cream salesmen, fought with dollops of ice-cream and lashings of raspberry ripple, and master minded by a sloe-eyed Italian siren (Claire Grogan). Quirky and truthful, this serious 'serious comedy' from Bill Forsyth (of *Gregory's Girl* and *Local Hero* fame) celebrates the daftness of everyday life, the silly, vulnerable, human aspects of existence most other film-makers barely glance at. A genuine original whose genuineness you will enjoy.

** ♡♡♡ **Emmanuelle Goes to Cannes** (18), 1 hr 34 mins. Spirited stripper and reluctant part-time callgirl Emmanuelle (Olinka Richter) seeks fame and fortune at the Cannes film festival but unsurprisingly finds only sex: on a casting couch, at a poolside with the lesbian directress of a blue movie, by her own hand while 'auditioning' for another erotic epic. If your taste runs to attractive, blonde, marginally over-weight frauleins with a passion for having their ample breasts fondled, stroked, squeezed and kneaded in almost every conceivable way this is for you.

*** ♡♡ **Police Academy** (15), 1hr 36 mins. When an American city decides to waive all usual entry requirements regarding height, weight, education and competence, the result is this crude and highly effective blend of *Animal House* and *Officer and Gentleman*, as shown by the smuggled-in callgirl who, hurriedly concealed within a podium, takes it upon herself to unzip and fellate the academy's bumbling commandant during his speech to visiting dignitaries: the trainee (Steve Guttenberg) who is sharing her hiding place is naturally the first to emerge – 'Great speech,' he beams at his appalled superior.

** ♡♡ **Top Secret!** (15), 1 hr 30 mins. 'Skeet surfing' superstar Nick Rivers (Val Kilmer) – his Beach Boy-style songs extol the virtues of clay pigeon shooting while surf-riding – visits East Germany on a cultural tour, and becomes involved in a resistance movement populated entirely by Frenchmen with names like Latrine and DejaVu ('Haven't I seen you somewhere before?' someone asks) and the wide-eyed daughter (Lucy Gutteridge) of an imprisoned scientist: her name, Hillary, she translates as 'she whose bosoms defy gravity'. Bagful of bizarre ideas though it is, it's hard to see what prompted the makers of *Airplane!* to spoof World War Two and Elvis Presley movies *simultaneously*. Definitely a curiosity.

** ♡♡ **Hard To Hold** (PG), 1 hr 33 mins. Rock star Jamie Roberts (Rick Springfield) yearns for domesticity in the reluctant arms of a strait-laced, gorgeous child psychiatrist (Janet Eilber) and despite untold wealth and hordes of adoring, sex-obsessed groupies manages to win her. A romantic lesson for us all.

We'll send you our ladies

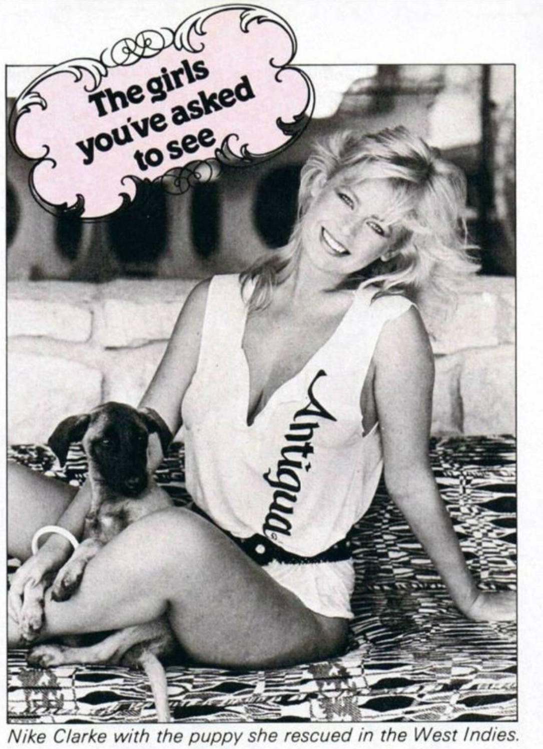
Take out a year's subscription to *Mayfair*, and a world of beautiful girls will be delivered to your home. You will receive *Mayfair* every month, discreetly wrapped, before it goes on sale to the public. And at just £17.50 for a subscription, you can avoid any price increases, a real plus in these days of rising costs and postal charges. It also includes the higher-priced Christmas edition. Don't delay, send off now.

To Mayfair Subscriptions, Fisk Publishing Co Ltd, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. Please send to the name and address below the next 12 issues of *Mayfair*, starting with Vol......
No......
Name ....
Address ....
....
I enclose a cheque/PO for £17.50 payable to Fisk Publishing Co Ltd.
Or debit Access/American Express acc. no..............................
M199

Nike Clarke: Cover-girl, Starbird, and Page Three favourite

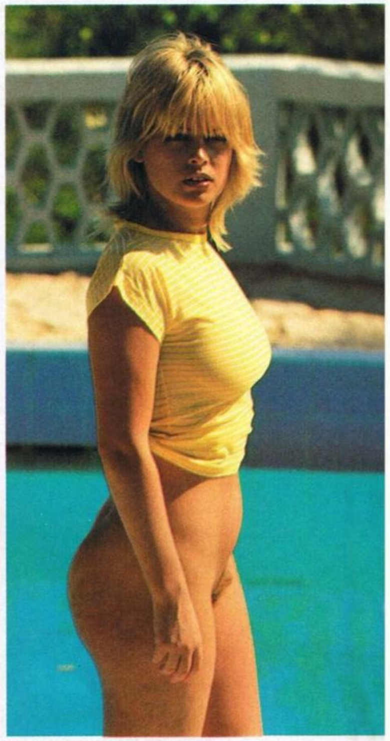
PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARIO MARNOTO

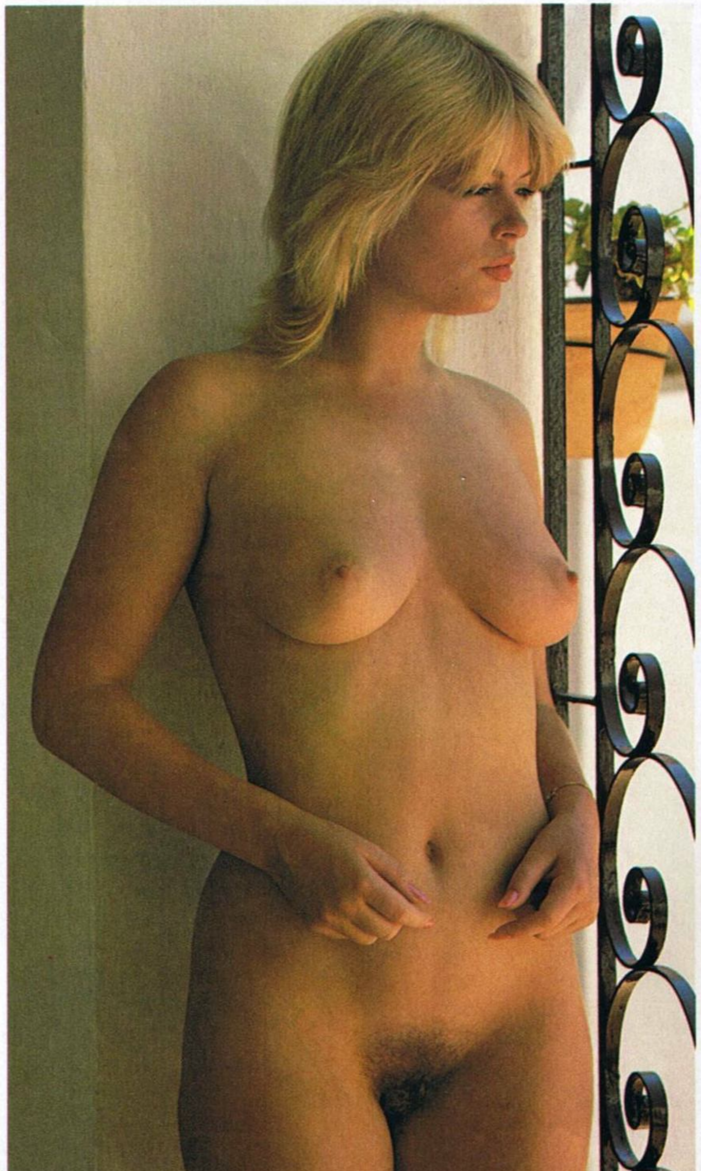
When 23-year-old Nike, or Nikki, Clarke appeared as an angler on the cover of Vol 18 No 6, hundreds of readers told us that they had fallen for her, hook, link and sinker. Could we feature her again? We were quick to oblige with another appearance on our cover four issues later. But still you wanted more. So we searched and found that the 36-24-36 *Starbird* and *Page Three* favourite had modelled nude, but not under her own name. Here for you are those pictures.


The girls you've asked to see
Antigua

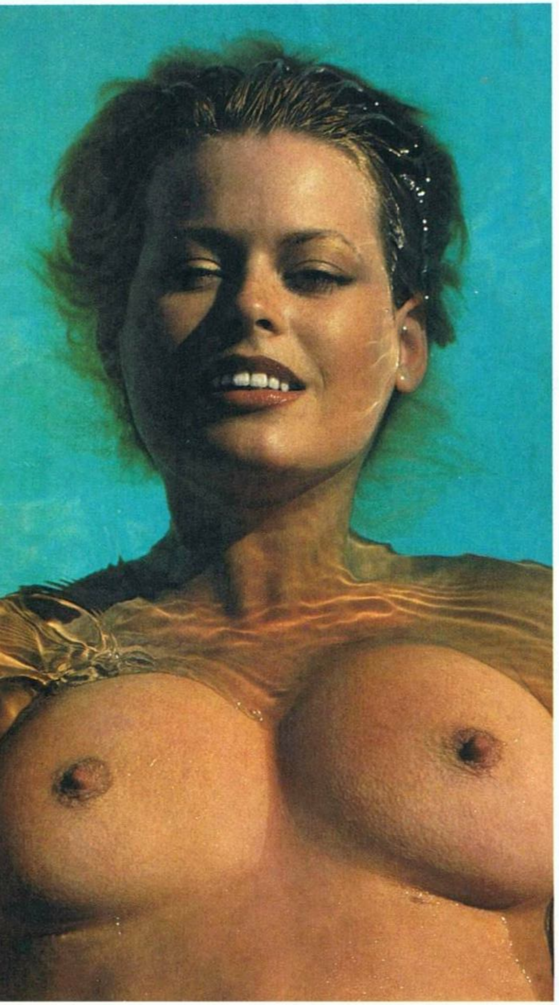
Nike Clarke with the puppy she rescued in the West Indies.

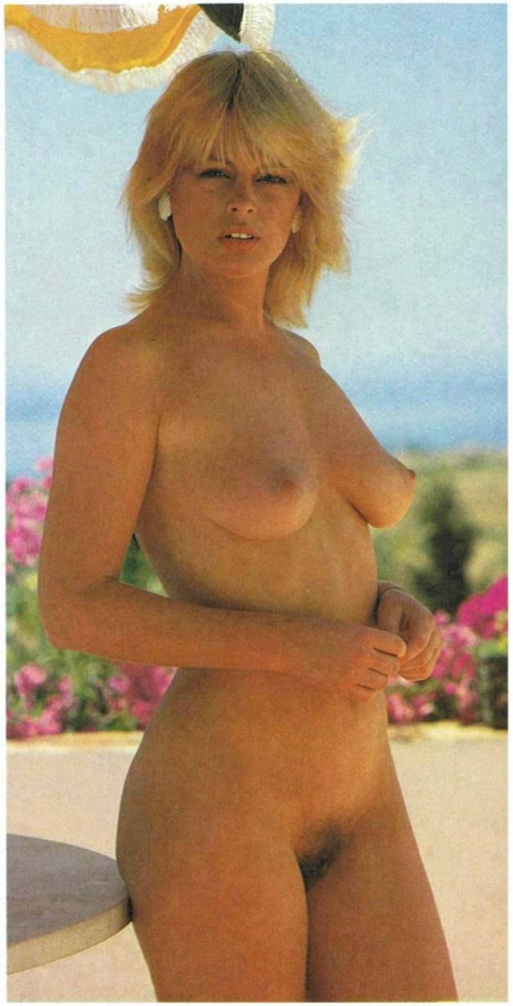
Nike was born in Dundee, and turned to modelling when her beauty was spotted by an amateur photographer. Her career blossomed with numerous topless appearances in *The Sun*, and *Star*, and soon after her work was taking her to Spain, Portugal, Greece and Jamaica. With her modelling fame came wealthy boyfriends, and after a well publicised relationship with Naru, a Japanese photographer, she met up with a London property developer based in Paris, whom she referred to as 'Charlie'. However she was quick to say that she had no intention of settling down. 'I'm too outrageous for marriage, she told one paper.'





However, in one respect, Nike has become less 'outrageous'. A year ago she told the press that she would no longer appear topless except for 'special assignments'. So make the most of her while you can. Nike's hobbies are swimming, skating, travel and meeting people. But now you can add saving animals to that list. Nike was working in the West Indies with Janine Andrews and Samantha Fox, when she spotted some local youths repeatedly throwing a puppy into the sea. Furious, Nike grabbed the dog, and decided to bring it home with her. But Tigua, as she called him, proved an expensive acquisition. Quarantine bills for the young pup cost her £400.





The lumbering Short Sunderland may have looked vulnerable to German attackers but it bristled with guns, was christened the 'Porcupine', once single-handedly beat off six JU 88s, sank U-boats, and stayed in squadron service for 21 years

Sunderland: the RAF's flying porcupine

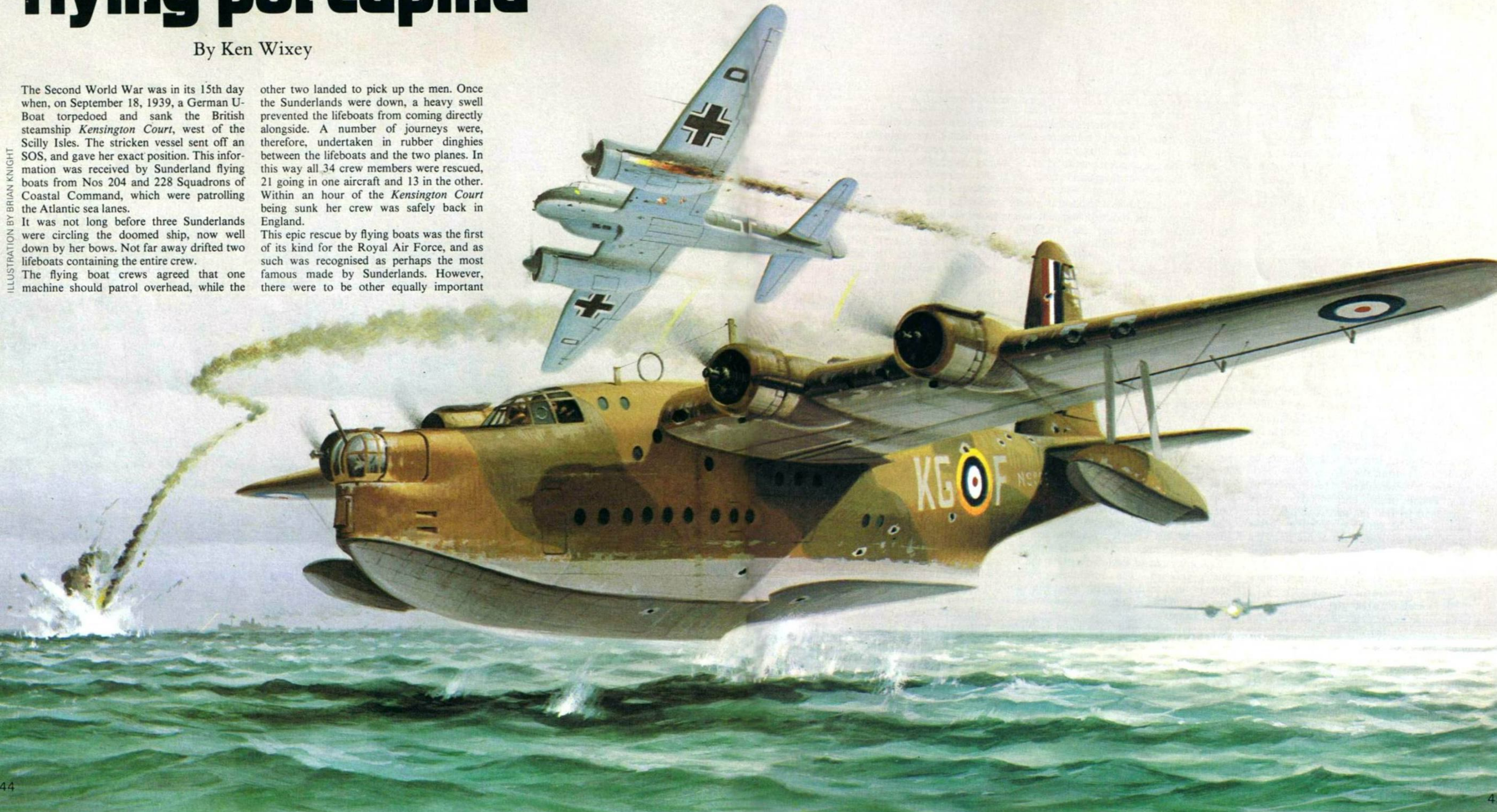
By Ken Wixey

The Second World War was in its 15th day when, on September 18, 1939, a German U-Boat torpedoed and sank the British steamship *Kensington Court*, west of the Scilly Isles. The stricken vessel sent off an SOS, and gave her exact position. This information was received by Sunderland flying boats from Nos 204 and 228 Squadrons of Coastal Command, which were patrolling the Atlantic sea lanes.

It was not long before three Sunderlands were circling the doomed ship, now well down by her bows. Not far away drifted two lifeboats containing the entire crew.

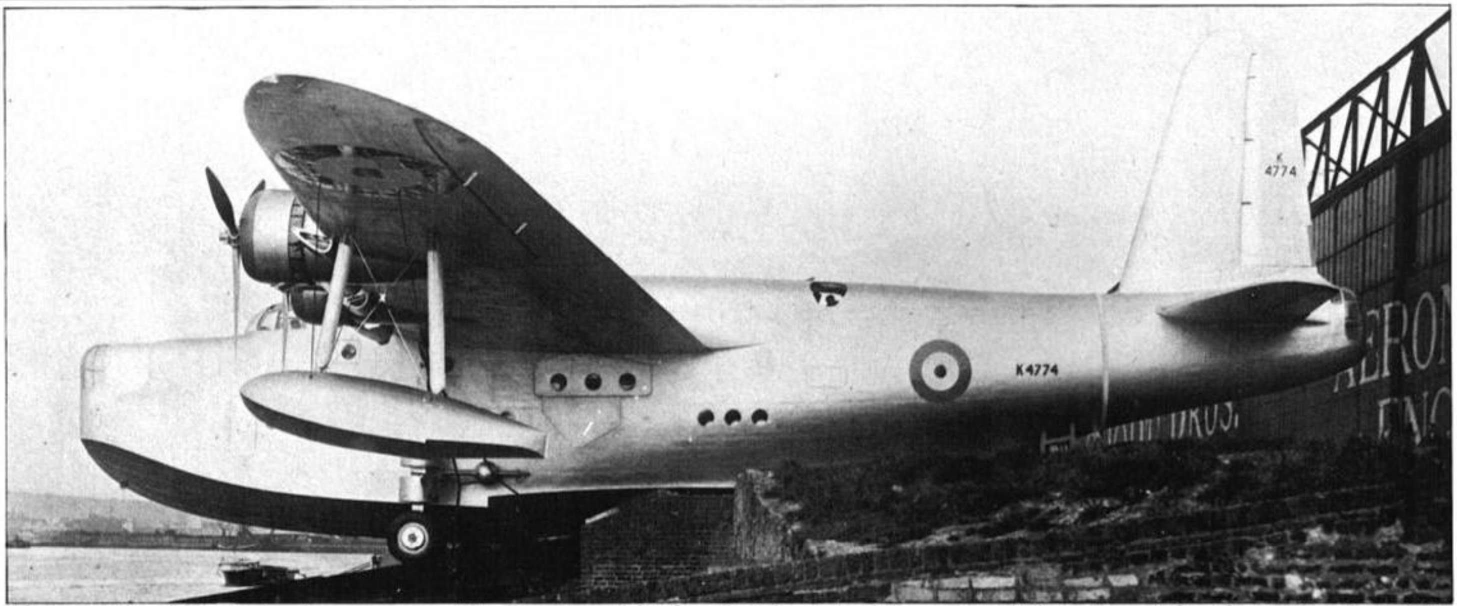
The flying boat crews agreed that one machine should patrol overhead, while the other two landed to pick up the men. Once the Sunderlands were down, a heavy swell prevented the lifeboats from coming directly alongside. A number of journeys were, therefore, undertaken in rubber dinghies between the lifeboats and the two planes. In this way all 34 crew members were rescued, 21 going in one aircraft and 13 in the other. Within an hour of the *Kensington Court* being sunk her crew was safely back in England.

This epic rescue by flying boats was the first of its kind for the Royal Air Force, and as such was recognised as perhaps the most famous made by Sunderlands. However, there were to be other equally important



One of the most famous actions to involve the Sunderland took place off the coast of Norway. A flying boat on patrol was attacked by six JU 88s. The Sunderland shot down two.

ILLUSTRATION BY BRIAN KNIGHT



Short Brothers' Sunderland prototype, originally powered by four 950 hp Bristol Pegasus radial engines. It first flew in October 1937.

rescues effected by these magnificent aircraft, not least of which was the part taken by the type during the evacuation from Crete. During this operation one Sunderland from No 228 Squadron took off with 82 military personnel on board in addition to its own crew.

Many dangerous flights were made from the area by Sunderlands carrying very heavy loads, mostly Allied military forces, and civilian refugees. A number of these errands of mercy had to be undertaken at night without landing aids, and in waters littered with wrecked ships and other debris.

In its more aggressive role the Sunderland proved itself a match for Luftwaffe aircraft which tangled with it. On April 3, 1940, a Sunderland, piloted by Flt Lt F Phillips, was on convoy patrol covering a convoy bound for Norway.

Out in the North Sea the British sailors saw six Junkers Ju 88 twin-engined fighter-bombers approaching. But instead of attacking ships in the convoy they went straight for the patrolling Sunderland. The German airmen, however, had not reckoned with the Sunderland's formidable defence.

Being most vulnerable to attack from below, Flt Lt Phillips pushed the Sunderland's nose down, and levelled off almost at sea level. Two of the Ju 88s then roared in to the attack, but they met a hail of fire from the Sunderland's beam and tail guns. Both German machines climbed away to 1,500 feet, while the other four dived in to attack the flying boat from the rear.

In the Sunderland's rear gun turret, Corporal Lillie waited as the first enemy aircraft came in with guns blazing, its shape looming larger in his sights until it was only 100 yards out. Then Lillie opened up with his four powerful .303 Brownings, and immediately the Ju 88 pulled sharply away before diving into the sea in flames. The pilot in the second of the four waiting Ju 88s closed in behind the Sunderland, which was now also having bombs aimed at it from the first two Ju 88s circling above. Within seconds the next attacking German machine was diving away trailing black smoke. The remaining four humiliated Ju 88s then joined up, and left the scene. The second Ju 88 destroyed crashed in Norway, where its crew were interned. As for the British flying boat, it received superficial damage, and returned to base.

Later in the war another Sunderland, on escort duty in the Bay of Biscay, was attacked by eight Ju 88s. From this melee five German planes returned home. It was little wonder then that the Luftwaffe nicknamed the Sunderland '*Fliegende Stachelschwein*' which means 'Flying Porcupine' – because of her formidable guns. German U-boat crews also learned to respect, indeed fear, a Sunderland overhead. From the early months of the war the lumbering flying boats harried the U-boats, and despite the inadequacy of anti-submarine weapons, a number of successes were made.

The first U-boat claimed by Coastal Command's No 228 Sunderland Squadron was *U 55*. After being damaged by naval depth charges she was scuttled by her crew when they observed a Sunderland flying boat approaching. On July 17, 1940, the first true U-boat kill by a Sunderland was made by aircraft P9624 from No 10 Squadron, Royal Australian Air Force. Piloted by Flying Officer E R Baker, this Sunderland was on convoy patrol when the co-pilot spotted a U-boat submerging 300 yards away. By the time the flying boat was over the spot, the submarine had completely submerged, but the Sunderland released a number of bombs, which appeared to explode beneath the U-boat's position. The surrounding water erupted, and in the ensuing foam the submarine could be seen listing heavily with its decks awash.

The Sunderland made two more bombing runs over the scene, the U-boat finally rolling on to its side, and disappearing beneath the waves. For a time large air bubbles, followed by a spreading patch of oil, marked the U-boat's watery grave.

As the war progressed extra guns, and more sophisticated anti-submarine equipment was added to the Sunderland's armoury. Advanced models of the flying boat itself also appeared so that the Sunderland became one of the best aircraft of its type. Indeed it was the longest serving operational aeroplane to serve with the RAF in the role for which it was originally intended, entering service in June 1938, and not being retired until May 1959.

The origins of the Sunderland can be traced back to 1933, when Short Brothers, one of the great names in British aviation, was based beside the estuary of the River Medway in Kent. During that year the Air Ministry issued Spec R 2/33, calling for a long-range, general purpose flying boat capable of replacing the Short Singapore III biplane flying boats which were then only just entering production. It was also stipulated that the new design must have a performance equal to the giant six-engined Short Sarafand flying boat, but be more compact in size, and powered by only four engines.

At that time Short Brothers chief designer, Arthur Gouge (later Sir Arthur) was working on the design of a new mail and passenger carrying flying boat for Imperial Airways, the S23 'C' class, later to be better known as the Empire flying boat. This was a four-engined monoplane of all-metal, stressed-skin, construction, based on a previous, smaller design by Short's, the Scion Senior.

As work progressed on the S23, Arthur Gouge and his team realised that here, with suitable modifications, was the ideal layout for the R 2/33 specification. Priority was given at the time to the civil design, while improvements and modifications to suit Air Ministry requirements went ahead more slowly on the military configuration, which by now had acquired the designation S25.

During 1934 the Short S25 design was submitted to the Air Ministry, and a prototype ordered. Differences to the civil S23 design were apparent in the hull, which had a deeper cross-section, while the lengthened nose stretched ahead of a flight deck in closer proximity to the wing leading-edge. The planing bottom had also been redesigned, and now featured a tapered rear step ending in a vertical knife-edge to help reduce drag. The specified armament for the prototype was to be a 37mm Coventry Ordnance Works gun in the bow, and in the tail turret a

turn to page 50

A MkI Sunderland of 210 Sqdn. The unit was one of four so equipped at the outbreak of war.

Sunderland: the flying porcupine

continued from page 46

single .303 Lewis machine gun. Up to 2,000 lbs of bombs could be carried, these being slung below the centre-section on transverse tracks which, in time of action, would be run out beneath the wings via hatches in the hull sides. The bomb carriers were driven out by a small motor which automatically stopped when the bombs had reached their limit of travel.

As was common practice in the 1930s, before the prototype S25 was completed, an initial production order was placed with Short Brothers for 11 of the new flying boats to Spec 22/36, in which revision to the defensive armament requirements now demanded four .303 Browning machine-guns in the tail position, and replacement of the bow-mounted 37 mm gun by a single Vickers or Lewis gun.

These alterations necessitated a change in the centre of gravity on the aircraft, this being accomplished by introducing extra sweepback to the 112 feet 9½ inches span wings, which resulted in the characteristic outward thrust to the engines, and by modifications to the rear step.

By then the S25 prototype (K4774), already named the Sunderland, was nearing completion, and on October 16, 1937, piloted by John Lankester Parker, took off from Rochester in the type's original design configuration. A small number of flights were made before K4774 was returned to the works for fitting of the swept-back wing, and replacement of the original 950hp Bristol Pegasus engines by 1,010hp Pegasus XXII's. By March 7, 1938, the prototype Short Sunderland was flying again in production form. Less than a month later, on April 21, the first production Sunderland (L2158) was in the air.

The Sunderland's unique two-deck hull was constructed of channel-section frames and Z section stiffeners, the upper deck including the flight deck which accommodated the two pilots, flight engineers, wireless operator and the navigator. Aft of this was a compartment for flare stowage and maintenance equipment. On the lower deck was the galley, officers' quarters, crew rest room, lavatory, mooring compartment, and a ladder to the upper deck. In the rear of the hull were located flares, sea markers, a rubber dinghy and a work bench. To facilitate mooring of the Sunderland, the front gun turret could be retracted backwards on rails, while beneath the turret was a retractable bomb-aimer's window.

As time went on the Sunderland was improved, the defensive armament being increased by having the single gun in the front turret replaced by twin .303 Vickers, while aft, on the upper deck, two beam guns were added. These comprised a gas-operated Vickers located each side firing through hatches, part of which opened into the slipstream to help the gunner take steadier aim.

Constant-speed propellers were also introduced, de-icers fitted to the wings and tailplane and, on the MkII Sunderland, a power-operated Frazer-Nash dorsal turret was fitted housing twin .303 Browning guns, and a later model of the tail turret was installed in which each of the four guns was provided with 1,000 rounds of ammunition.

The MkII also had more powerful engines in the form of Pegasus XVIII's, and was the first of the type to have air to surface radar fitted. This was the ASV MkII, and resulted in four receiving masts being installed along the top of the rear fuselage as well as sixteen transmitting loops, eight each side in two rows of four, and homing guidance aerials beneath the outer wing panels.

An improvement to the planing bottom of the hull in which the main step was faired, in order to reduce drag, resulted in the MkIII Sunderland, which retained the 1,065hp Pegasus XVIII engines, the armament and ASV MkII radar of the MkII.

However, after a MkIII machine from 10 Squadron, RAAF, had been experimentally fitted with four machine guns in the bow, it attacked a U-boat on January 8, 1944, fired the forward battery of four machine-guns at a range of 1,000 yards, killing all the U-boat's gunners, and then destroyed the enemy vessel with depth charges. The result was that a number of Sunderlands were afterwards equipped with four guns in the bows.

After German submarines had been fitted with receivers on which they could tune to ASV MkII, some Sunderland MkIIIs had the modified ASV MkIII radar fitted, and were known as MkIIIA Sunderlands.

Although a MkIV Sunderland was produced, powered by four 1,700hp Bristol Hercules engines, and possessing heavier armament of 20mm cannon and 0.5in guns, it lacked the necessary performance, and only ten were built, including two prototypes. Renamed the Seaford most of these were converted to civil transports for BOAC where they became the Solent class.

Meanwhile the MkIII Sunderland had been fitted with four, 1,200hp American Pratt and Whitney Twin Wasp engines, the success of this combination resulting in the Sunderland MkV, of which 155 were produced.

Last of the Sunderland variants, the MkV had the updated ASV MkVIc radar installed with split scanners, which were fitted below the outer wing panels. Armament was also increased, with four additional .303 Browning nose guns, two each side behind and below the front turret, and twin 0.5in Brownings mounted in opening hatches aft of the dorsal turret. Thus a fully armed Sunderland was now capable of facing its adversary with no less than eighteen guns. In addition, of course, there was the 2,000lb ordnance load which could consist of bombs, depth charges and mines.

The first RAF unit to be fully equipped with Sunderlands was No 230 Squadron at Singapore, followed by No 210 Squadron based at Pembroke Dock, both these units exchanging Singapore III biplane flying boats for their Sunderlands. By the outbreak of World War II 204 and 228 Squadrons had also re-equipped with Sunderlands, and were to be joined by 201 and 207 Squadrons.

Also joining the RAF Sunderland units was 10 Squadron of the RAAF, which had formed in Victoria during the summer of 1939, and whose crews arrived in England to fly home nine Sunderlands purchased by the Australian Government. After receiving its first MkI Sunderland on September 11, the Australian squadron learned it was to remain in the UK as an operational unit with RAF Coastal Command. This Australian unit was formed from volunteers, many of whom arrived in Britain during December 1939, and by the end of the first week of January 1940, was on convoy escort duties.

On July 1 that year a Sunderland from No 10 Squadron helped in the destruction of *U-26*, which had attacked a convoy 250 miles west of the Scillies. A corvette, *HMS Gladiolus*, had dropped depth charges around the enemy submarine, which was forced to surface. The Sunderland, captained by Flt Lt Gibson, then roared in to release a number of anti-submarine bombs across the U-boat. The German captain realised his

turn to page 78

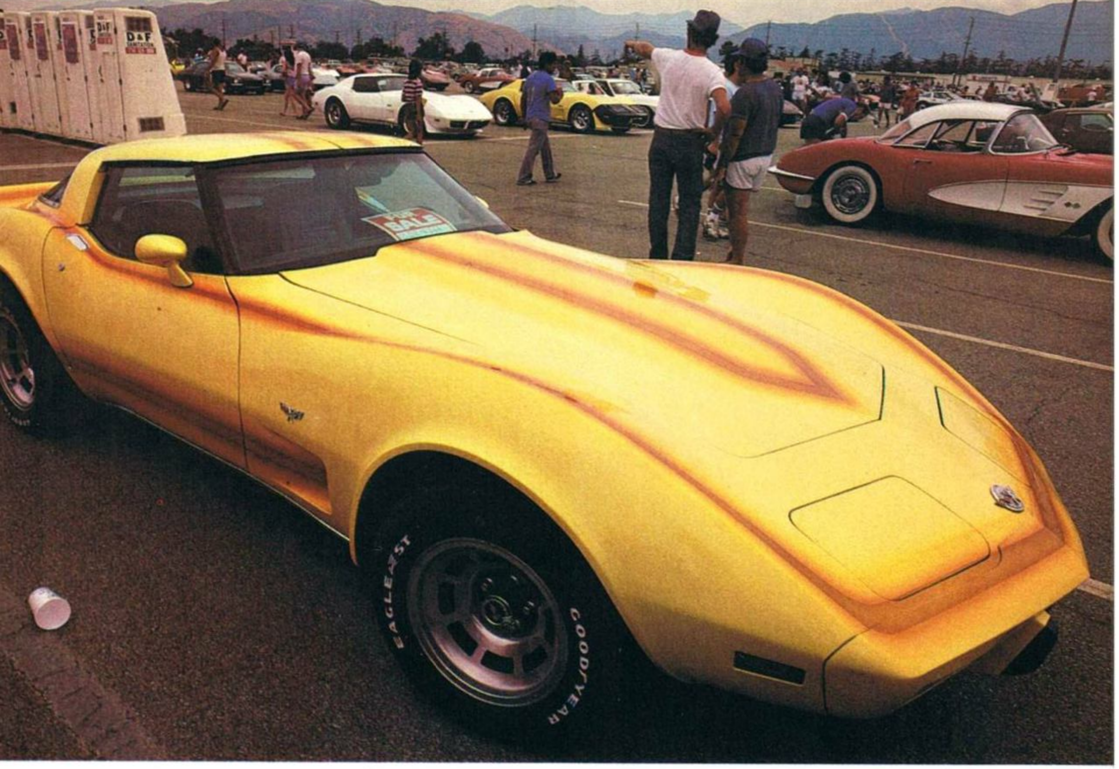
Karen

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
JOHN ALLUM

Appearing on *Mayfair*'s centre pages is the lifetime ambition of many models. But in the case of 20-year-old Karen Thornton, it is an honour we are happy to bestow after she has been modelling for only eight months. And we are not the only ones to recognise Karen's beauty. Her stunning looks and 34-23-33 figure have turned the one-time secretary for a furnishing firm into one of the busiest of full-time models. As well as appearing in saucy underwear in the Silver Rose lingerie catalogue, Karen's recent work has included a trip to Cannes. There she was spotted for another foreign job – this time on the other side of the world, promoting British videos on the Australian market.

The Lewisham-born girl, who now lives in Beddington, near Croydon, toured all over Australia, being interviewed on radio and TV chat shows like *The Burt Newton Show*. Then she dashed back for a job nearer home assisting the compère with the party games on 'Beach Night' at the Hammersmith Palais. In between modelling work, Karen delivers stripping telegrams. Ironically, one called for her secretarial skills, when she pretended to be applying for a job as an MD's assistant. Half way through the interview she said, 'Phew, it's so hot,' and then, to the boss's amazement, started to strip off. 'He was so impressed he offered me the job,' she said, 'but I declined it.'

MAYFAIR'S
GIRL OF THE MONTH
KAREN THORNTON

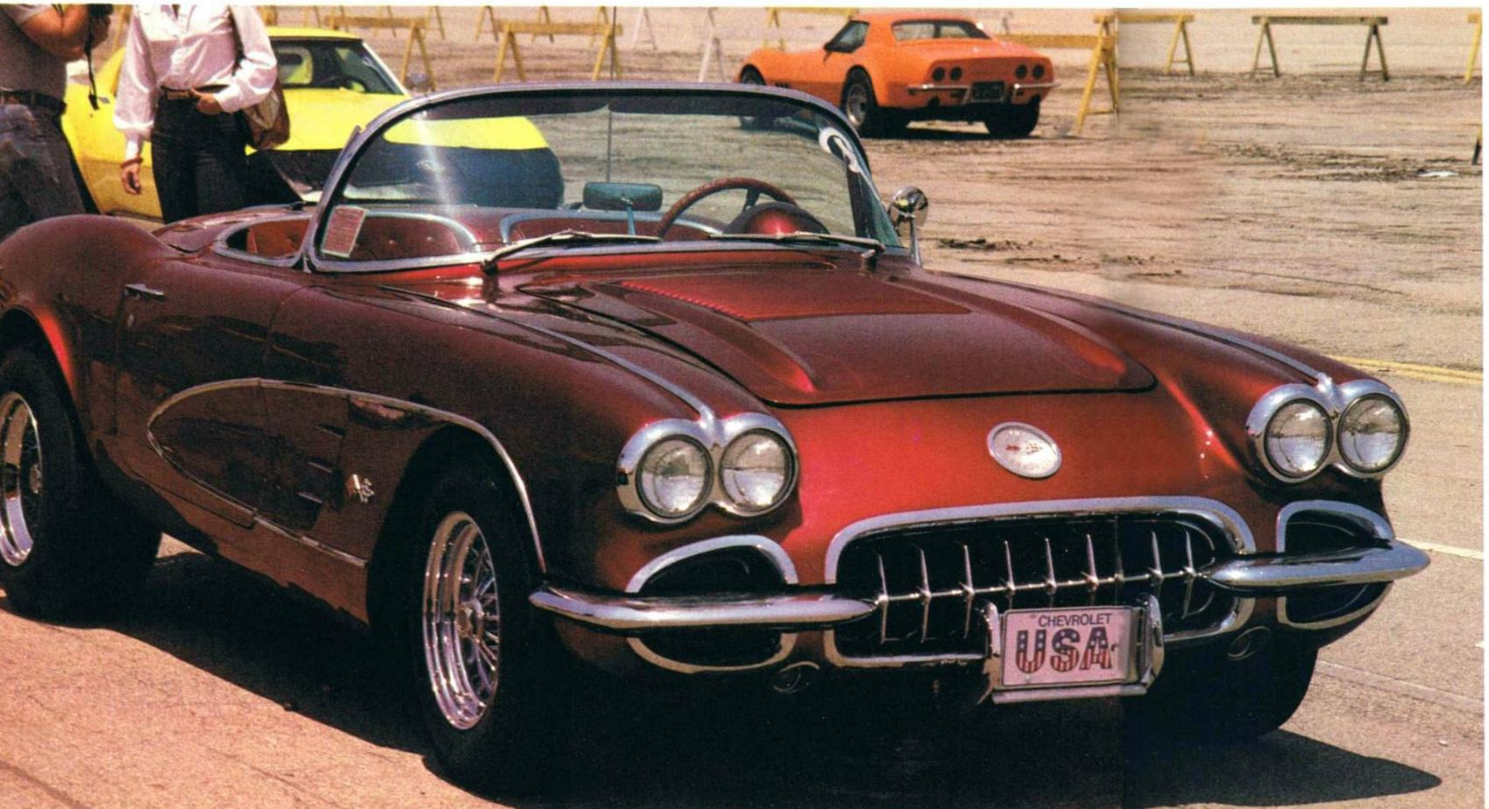


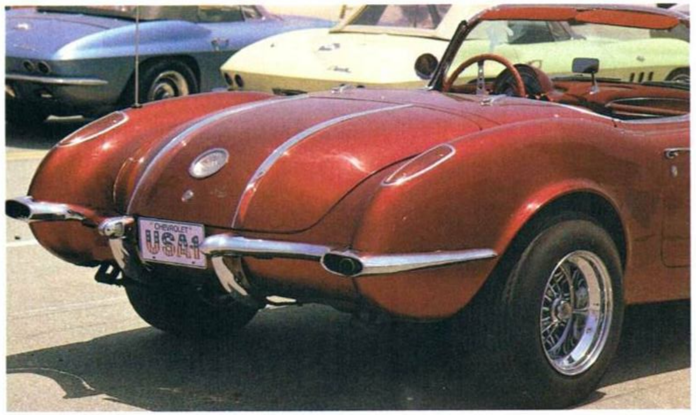
Thirty years ago, Chevrolet livened up its image by producing America's first ever sports car. It was called the Corvette, and fans queued for 45 minutes just to see it. Still in production, it's now the world's top-selling two-seater

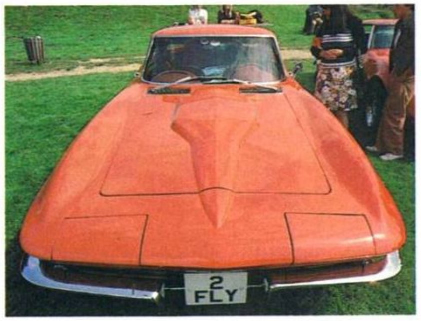
CORVETTE
the gem from GM

Photographed and described by Ed Alexander

At the time the Hitler war came to its conclusion the great majority of the American public had never heard of, let alone set eyes on, a sports car. It was the returning GIs who having spent the war years in Europe, and driven machinery such as MG, Triumph, AC, Alvis, and Lagonda, as well as continental marques, who spread the word. In the beginning it was largely Britain with the MG TC and later TD models that first pioneered the two seater in the US. Mostly, the cars were bought by college students and the affluent youth of Southern California, where the climate suits the open car. By about 1952 the two main domestic car manufacturing giants General Motors and Ford had decided it was time to bring to their corporate identity a more exciting and youthful image. The Chevrolet division of GM, despite being the world's largest producer of passenger vehicles, was the Auntie of the American auto industry. To counter this impression GM organised extravagant Motorama shows all during the 1950s, to promote their new production models, replete with show business personalities and musical entertainment.







Chevrolet were considered to be GM's most conservative marque until the emergence of the exciting Corvette in 1953, and the model is still in production. Top left: A Corvette coupe from 1974 attracts admirers. Bottom left: One of the earliest Corvettes. This open top dates from 1958. Above: The smooth lines of the '58 model's rear show a distinctly European influence in its design. But by 1965, the Corvette had developed its own individual style, as demonstrated (left) by this hard top with a 396 cubic inch engine.

Undoubtedly the hit of the 1953 thrash was a small (by US standards) white convertible on the Chevrolet stand. Someone in GM management had named the car Corvette, and the public queued up for as long as 45 minutes just for a quick peek.

The first Corvette chassis was designed by Maurice Olley, an ex Rolls-Royce suspension engineer who joined GM in the depths of the 1930s depression. Naturally, by prevailing European standards, epitomized by the Jaguar XK120, the Corvette was dated if not downright crude. The six-cylinder pushrod engine (known as the Stovebolt Six) dated from 1929, despite redesigns in 1934, '37 and '41. However with a little tweaking here and there it was made to produce 150 bhp gross at 4200 rpm. The engine displaced 3.8 litres, and the car's list price was $3,250. The first 300 were manufactured at the main Chevrolet plant in Flint, Michigan during 1953 but in December of that year production was relocated at the factory in St Louis, Missouri where it remained until the end of 1981 when it again moved to a space age works in Bowling Green, Kentucky.

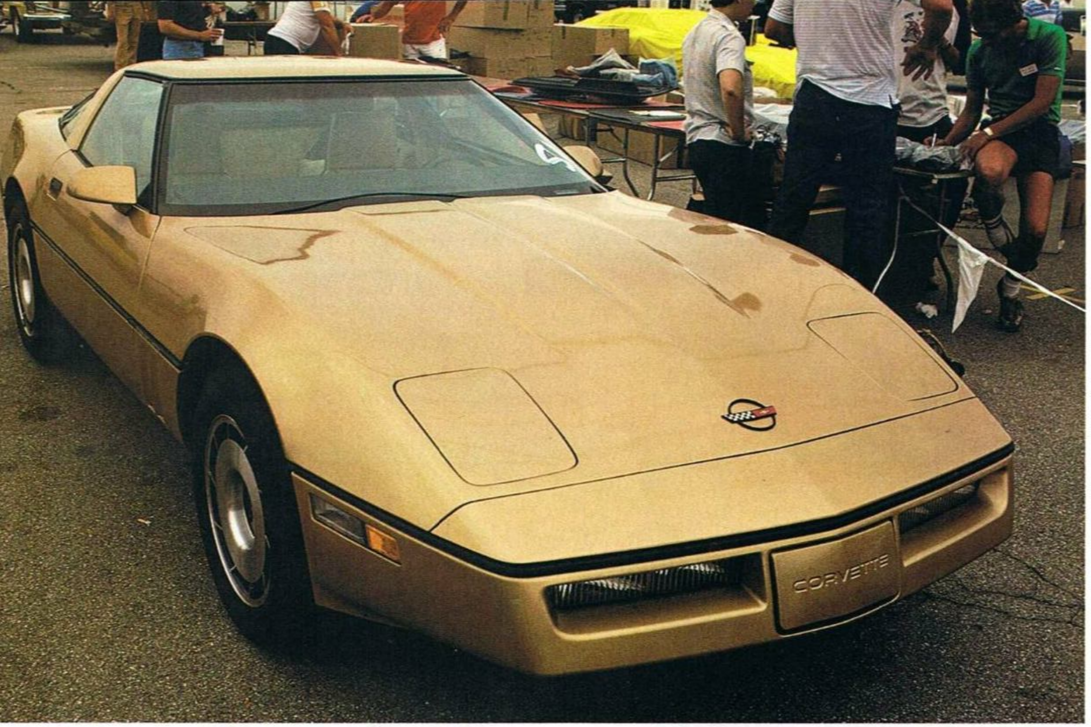
Uncharacteristically GM made a bit of an error in the production launch by deciding that it would not market the early cars on a first come first served basis, and chose to try to sell the cars to VIPs. In addition the public was much slower to accept the car than had been anticipated, and failure to organise a proper press launch contributed in no small

IJY-434
GARDEN STATE

N.J.
JY-434
GARDEN STATE

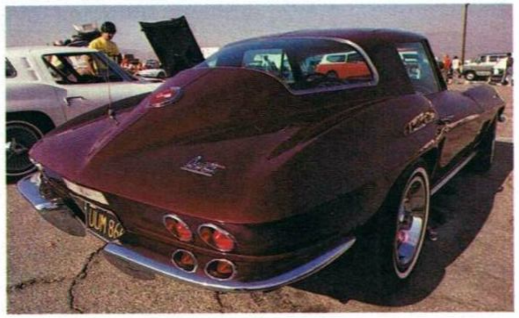
MICKEY THOMPSON
CUSTOM RADIAL

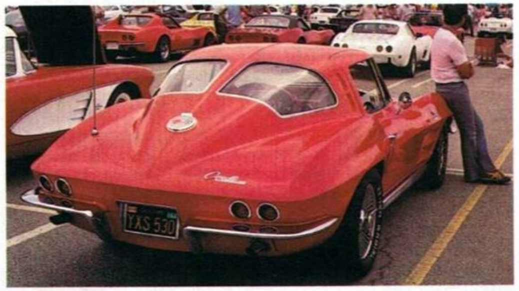
Large picture top right, and top left: Photographer Ed Alexander's pride and joy, his own 1967 Corvette. This was the last year of the original Sting Ray design, and this model is a hard top conversion. Inside, is a 427 cubic inch, 435 bhp engine. Continuing clockwise, above: The rear wheel arch of a 1964 coupe. Near left, top: A 1977 5.7-litre Corvette. Below it, a '66 model. Bottom left: A 1956 open-top.

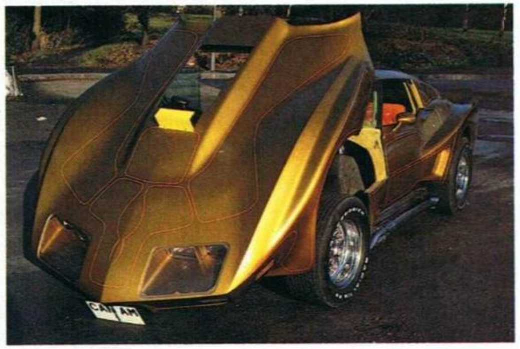


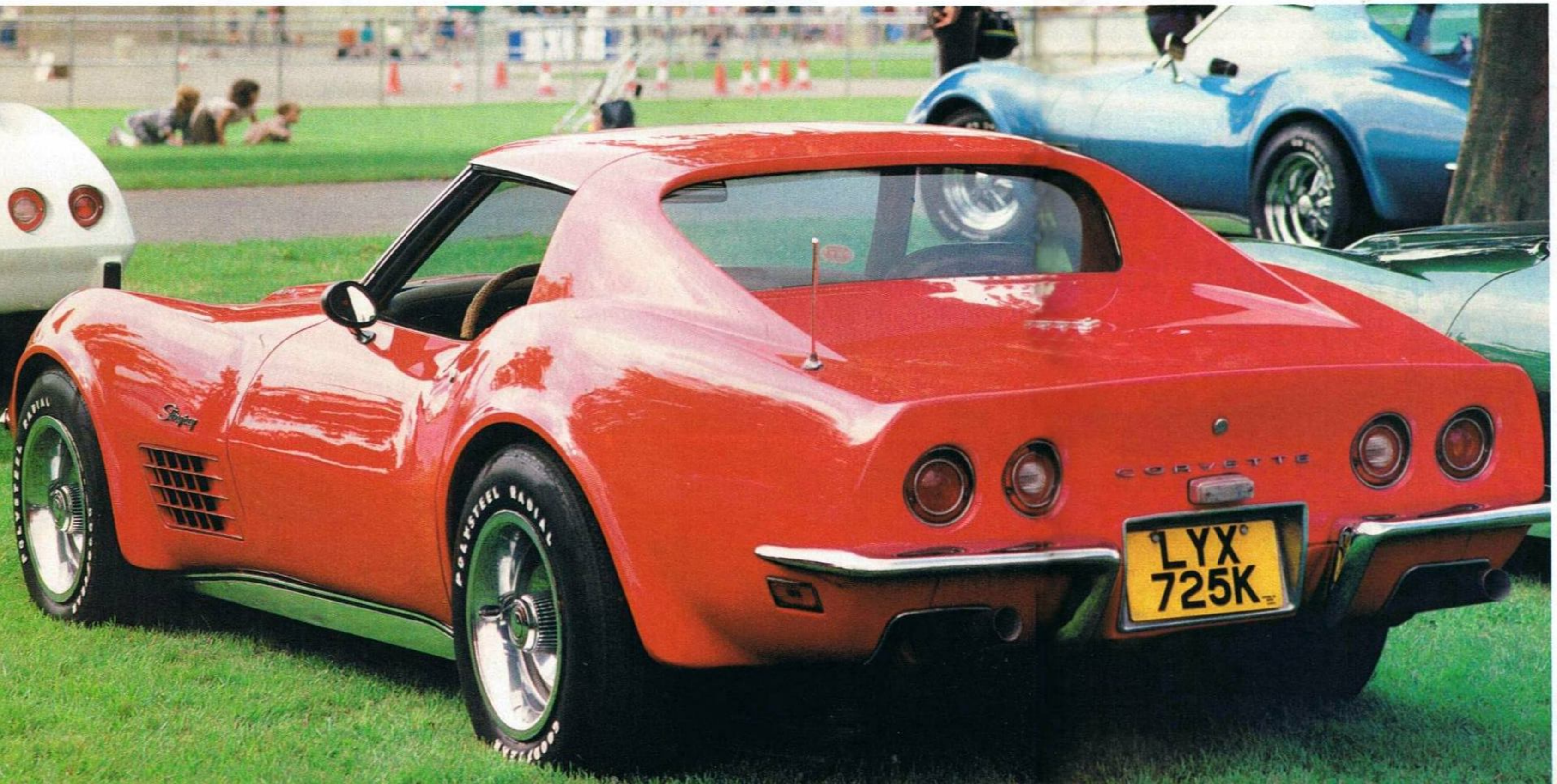
portion to their problems. In fact by the time the 300th car was produced only 183 had been sold, and to compound the difficulties rumours were abroad to the effect that Ford's new personal car (the Thunderbird) would make its debut in the autumn of 1954, thus making the curious customer hold back, and see what Ford would have on offer. When the US auto journalists did eventually get around to testing the Corvette, the reviews on the whole were favourable but by mid 1954 the delivered price of the Vette had risen to $3,760, $500 more than the cost of a new Cadillac saloon. Out of a total of 3,639 cars produced in 1954, 1,076 remained unsold, and were retained to be sold at a discount in 1955. From about the middle of 1954, there had been great pressure from the accounts department to drop the project entirely. Just how close the car was to extinction has never been truly revealed, but undoubtedly this period of late '54 and well into '55 is the low point in the history of a car destined to become not only the biggest selling two-seater in the world, but a cult object with a fanatical following.

In the event two fortunate happenings saved the car from oblivion. During 1953 Zora Arkus-Duntov was hired by GM. Belgian born of Russian descent, Duntov was a brilliant mechanical engineer who loved fast cars. Research and development was his original assignment. At the lowest point in the Corvette projects fortunes he was put in charge of everything except body styling. The other factor to rescue the car from the accountants was the introduction in 1954 of the small block V8 engine better known as the Mouse Motor. Though not realised at the time, this engine has since passed into history as one of mass production's all-time great designs. Still in production to the present day, this thinwall cast iron, relatively lightweight and very cheap to produce powerplant has in its many and varied displacements been reproduced at least 35 million times. It could be said the Vette and the Mouse were made for each other, the V8 being introduced for the '55 model year with a displacement of 265 cubic inches or about 4.3 litres, but with the car's future in doubt









Top left: The latest Corvette design, the 1984 model. Inside, the engine has been drastically altered to conform to fuel laws. Top centre: A 457 roadster from 1969. Top right: A 1967 327 coupe. Below it, is a 1963 coupe. The split rear window proved unpopular, and was only adopted for that year. Below that, CAN AM 1 made in 1977, with a 350 cubic inch supercharged engine. Left: A 1972 model.

only 549 were so equipped of a total production of 700.

The 1956 models had a redesigned body, but more important were the first to feel the 'Mark of Zora'. The option list grew. Basic price of the car was $2,900, a special Duntov-designed camshaft and dual four choke carburettors would add $335 to the price. Duntov's team had reworked the suspension as well, and compared with the previous offerings it was a revelation – 0-60 mph in 7.4 seconds, and maximum speed up to 129 mph. During 1956 Duntov was at the wheel of several record breaking runs, taking the car past 150 mph. One, wind assisted at Daytona beach, achieved 185 mph.

On the American club racing scene the Vette was now more than a match for the Europeans, and for 1957 the engine was enlarged to 283 cubic inches, or roughly 4.6 litres. The option list now included Rochester fuel injection. A four-speed gearbox was available at $175, and racing suspension added a further $725. Some 6,338 1957 Vettes were produced in all, and the 283/283 Corvette is now a very expensive classic car. With the injected engine the '57 had a 0-60 mph time of 5.8 seconds, and top speed of 133 mph. Of this particular example only 43 were built hence the present high prices. One unfortunate aspect of the Vette was that it put on weight each successive year, '57 being the last of the under 3,000 pounds car, but with the entire US auto industry moving into the era of the muscle car, these seemingly trivial details didn't seem to matter very much.

Production figures increased slowly each successive year at the St Louis plant, 1960 breaking through the 10,000 barrier for the first time with 261 to spare. 1961 produced 10,939 and was the last year of the 283 inch engine. By 1962 the 327 cubic inch (5.3 litre) engine was introduced in four stages of tune. Stage four with the Rochester injection set-up gave a gross figure of 360 bhp at 6,000 rpm and 14,531 cars went out the door. Over the years the base price had risen to $4,227. Aside from this, 1960 saw two Corvettes finish eighth and tenth from a total of four private entries at Le Mans.

In 1963 the most radical redesign since the car's birth took place. It would be another 20 years before anything so drastic would happen again. Beneath the totally new and beautifully brutal-looking bodywork, which for the first time could be had as a fastback coupe as well as the traditional roadster with its optional removable hard-top, was a brand new chassis. In place of the old cart-sprung rear axle was a new independent suspension which had the advantage of being composed mainly of in-house bits thereby keeping costs low. This car was the original Sting Ray derived from a 1959 prototype, and it was in production for five years terminating in 1967 when a new body was introduced for 1968. Many Corvette afficianados, this writer among them, consider the mid '60s to be the golden age of the marque especially from 1965 onward when four-wheel disc brakes were introduced. Personally I will never forget my first glimpse of the '63 fuel injected coupe squatting on its plinth at the October '62 Earls Court show. It was easily the most desirable vehicle I had clapped eyes on, but it took me over a year to find the money. Eventually back in New York I took delivery of a new '64 silver blue convertible with dark blue interior and stage three tune, producing 365 bhp gross. After the traditional haggling it set me back $4,200 or about £1,500. Those were indeed golden days. In the States fuel cost around 30 cents a gallon, and if memory serves me, less than five shillings in the UK and that for 5 star (100 Octane) as required by my 11.0 to 1 compression Mouse.

The same period saw Ford running away with US sports car races. In an attempt to counter the onslaught of the Cobras, Chevrolet introduced their Mark IV big block engine, better known as the Rat Motor, to the Corvette option list during the '65 production run. At 396 cubic inches and 425 gross very hairy horses, this engine's massive torque output gave suitable poke. For 1966 it was bored out to 427 inches or 7 litres. The American magazine *Car and Driver* tested this machine, and returned the following: 0-60 mph in 5.8 seconds, 0-100 mph in 10.6 seconds, top speed 152 mph. The six pack, or three two barrel Holley set-up was fitted for 1967, and gave slightly superior results. The list price of the car so equipped was $6,000 or at the '67 exchange rate £2,150. Tucked away at the bottom of the option list was another engine code designated L88. This device used a similar block but featured aluminium cylinder heads and single jumbo-sized four barrel Holley sitting atop a gouged-out manifold. Horsepower though quoted at 430 gross was in reality nearly 500 on a compression ratio of 12.5 to 1. Needless to say it was not recommended for town work. Toward the end of '66 I regretfully parted with my '64, and looked for a six pack 427. I can only say if you suffer from any form of depression, sitting in a 427 Corvette for a few seconds with wide open throttle in any gear should be made available at treatment on the National Health. At no extra cost I chose the close ratio box and 3.36 rear axle giving a maximum speed of a shade under 70 mph at 6,500 rpm in bottom gear.

Restyling the bodies of both convertible and the coupe including the first car ever produced with a 'T' roof allowing either or both driver and passenger to have an open top, was the big news for 1968. With minor periodic updates the bodywork remained the same until the end of the 1982 production run. In 1969 Corvette offered optionally the ultimate performance engine. Code designated ZL 1, and at the unheard price of an extra $3,000, just two customers were wealthy or more likely brave enough to own it. Both block and heads were aluminium making it 175 pounds lighter than the iron version, and it delivered at least 550 bhp. This was the same engine with which McLaren dominated the Can Am big sports car race series for several years. There is a Corvette retro-fitted with a ZL-1 domiciled in Essex, and it gets through the traps at Santa Pod raceway at a terminal speed of just over 122 mph for a standing quarter mile. Sadly however this engine was the last of the unsanitary groundshakers. Federal regulations regarding pollution from exhausts, with California among the states with the tightest legislation, decreed ever lower emissions and levels of lead in fuel into the 1970's. This forced Corvette engineering to go to lower compression, catalytic converters, exhaust air pumps, and leadless fuel. Coupled with this came the 1973 oil crisis when the Arabs woke up, and Richard Nixon imposed a blanket 55 speed limit.

The list of performance options shrank from year to year. 1974 was the last year of the big block engine, and the convertible was phased out at the end of the 1975 run. Even though it had by now become a different kind of car complete with power steering, cruise control, air conditioning, tilt steering wheel, and sundry other goodies including stereo sound, it still remained a reasonable performer. In 1979 0-60 mph took 6.5 seconds, and 90 came up in under 14 seconds with a maximum of around 130 mph. Production was now almost 50,000 cars annually.

During the early and middle 1970's several prototypes were produced. Most of them were mid-engined, one having a transverse mounted V8, and two of the others used Wankel rotary engines which GM in common with several other manufacturers flirted with at this time. But in 1978 the decision was taken to stay with the traditional front engine rear drive concept in the interests of production costs and such mundane considerations as comfort and luggage space. Another reason may have been the soon to arrive mid-engined two seater which is now being made by the Pontiac division of GM.

At present, something like 2,000 Corvettes inhabit the UK. Of course, an owners' club exists, and any interested parties are advised to trundle up the M1 to Scratchwood services, on the first Friday evening of the month. It provides a chance to meet the faithful, and see their cars, and, if nothing else, revel in the deadly sin of envy.

Let's make a date

WITH MAYFAIR'S 1985 CALENDAR

Once again *Mayfair* is pleased to offer its readers the very best as we present our sensational 1985 calendar and diary. Yes, Britain's best selling glamour calendar and our exclusive executive diary are now on sale. Post the coupon today, and make 1985 a year to remember.

Forward reminders
July
1985
MAYFAIR

The 1985 *Mayfair* calendar features a dozen of our most delightful dollies from previous issues, one to brighten up each month. Reproduced in full colour, sized 12 inches by 9 inches – even bigger than they appeared in the magazine – our lovely ladies will cheer your year. The new *Mayfair* calendar will be sent to you discreetly wrapped for just £2. Or if you can't bear to leave our beautiful girls at home, take them with you in the 1985 *Mayfair* diary. Slim, smart and featuring our popular month-at-a-glance format, it includes the same marvellous misses as the calendar. It comes in sophisticated dark blue, and is slightly larger than in previous years. The 1985 *Mayfair* diary costs just £1.95, including p&p.

Plus *SPECIAL DOUBLE OFFER! Enjoy them both for the bargain price of only £3.50*

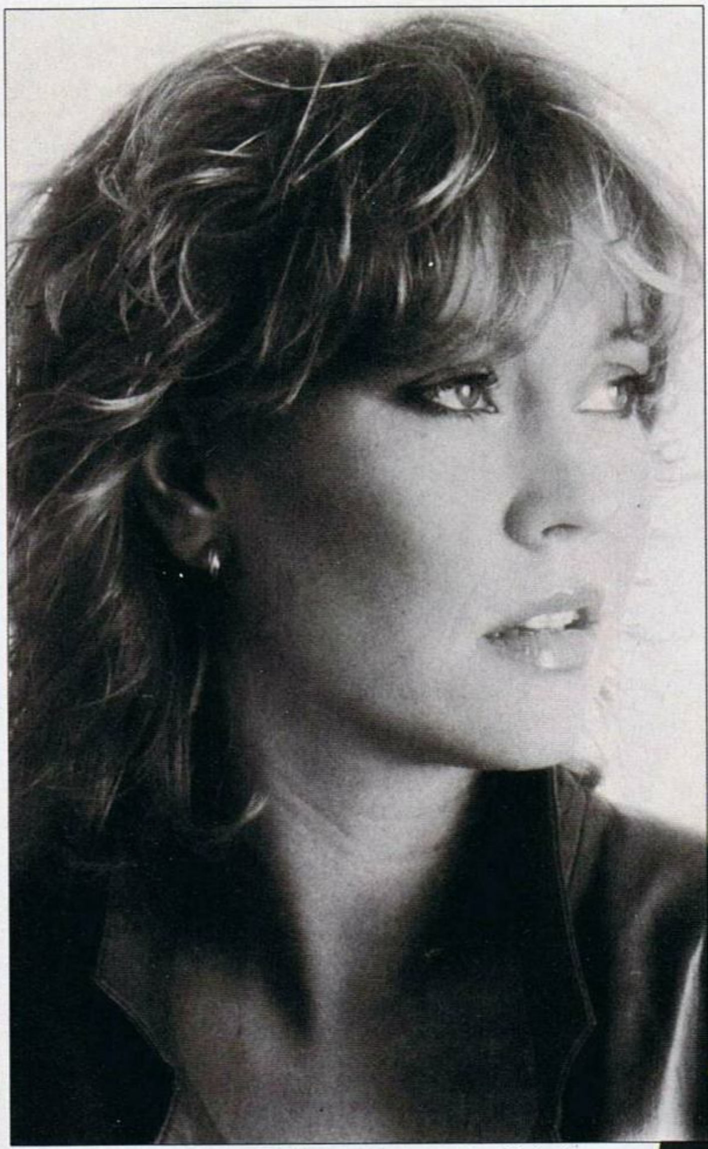
Send to Mayfair Calendar/Diary Offer, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Please send me:
.......1985 *Mayfair* Calendars at £2 each.
......1985 *Mayfair* Diaries at £1.95 each.
......Special sets of 1985 Calendar and Diary at only £3.50 per set.
I enclose a cheque/PO for £.........payable to Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd.

Name____________________
Address____________________

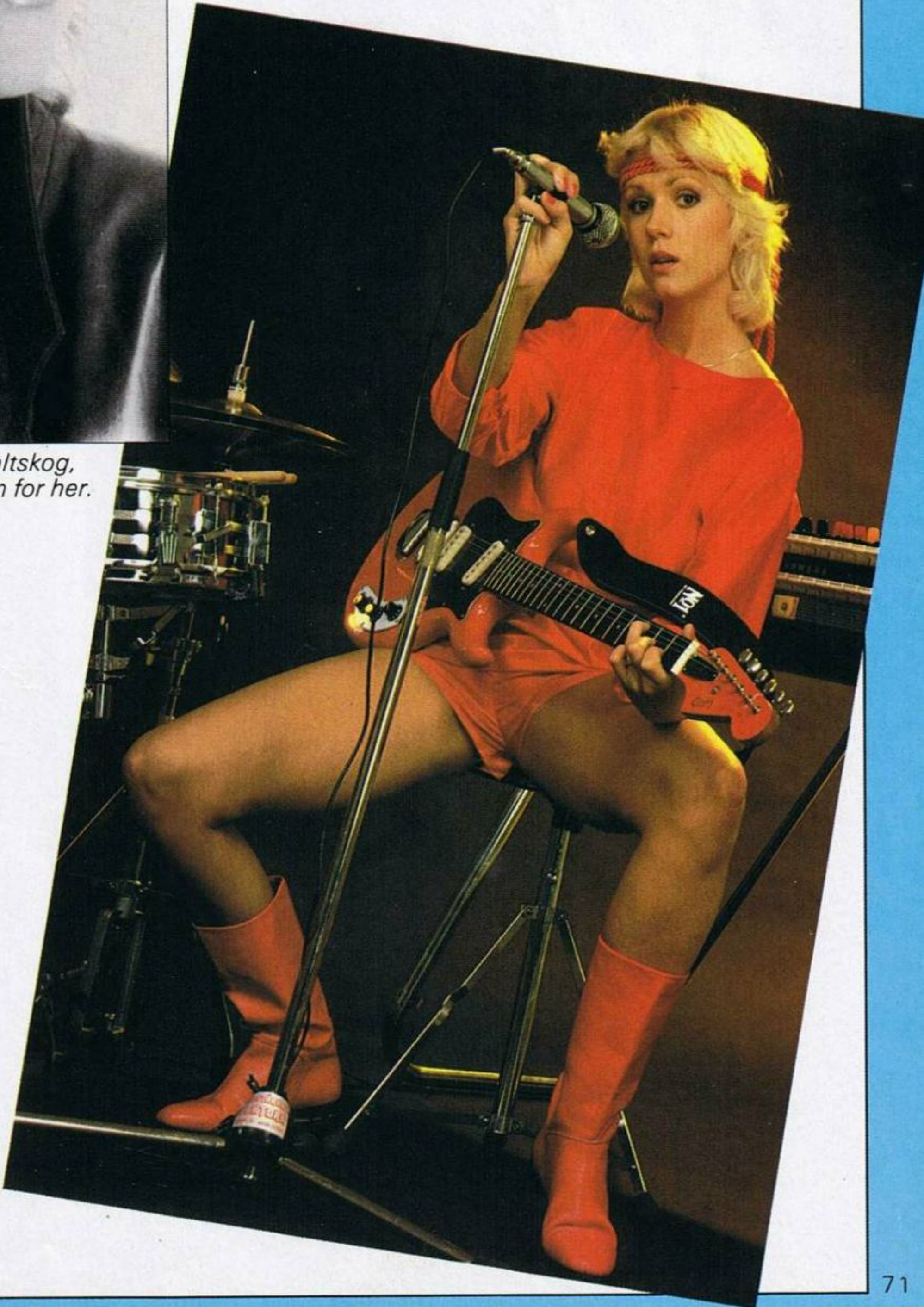
IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO CUT YOUR MAGAZINE, THEN PHOTOCOPY THIS COUPON OR SEND YOUR ORDER ON PLAIN PAPER

M199



Annie the blonde Abba lookalike

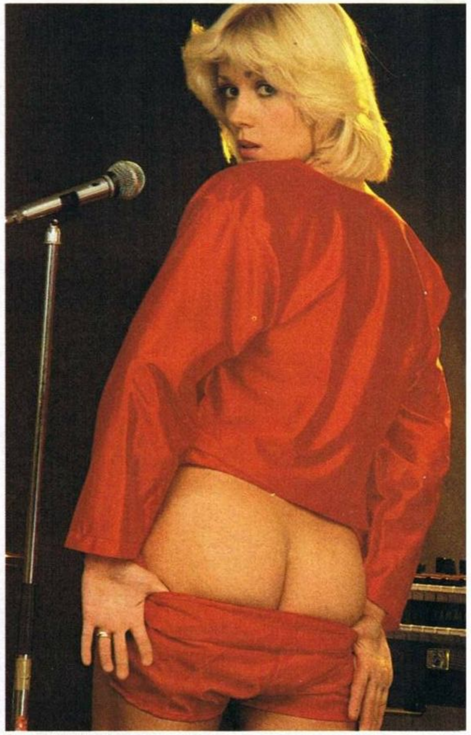
PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER FLODQUIST



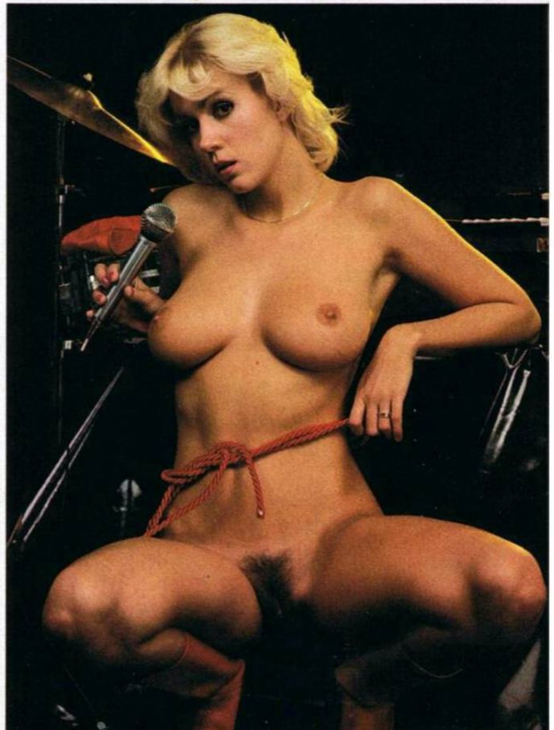
Above: Abba's popular blonde, Agnetha Faltskog, and right, Annie who is frequently mistaken for her.

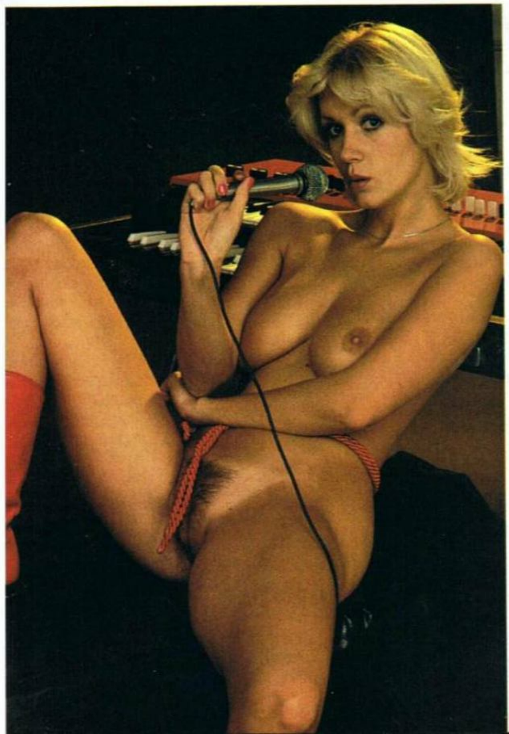
Hardly a day goes by without 23-year-old Annie Andersson being approached in the street by total strangers. 'I know you,' they say. 'You're the blonde singer with Abba.' They are half-right. Annie is blonde and a singer, but not the famous Agnetha from Abba. 'I'm always being mistaken for her,' Annie told us. 'Our faces and figures are so alike, though I am a bit bigger up top,' she said indicating her shapely 35–23–34. The similarity between the two doesn't end there. Agnetha was born in Jonkoping in Sweden, a mere twenty miles away from Annie's home town of Skarstad.

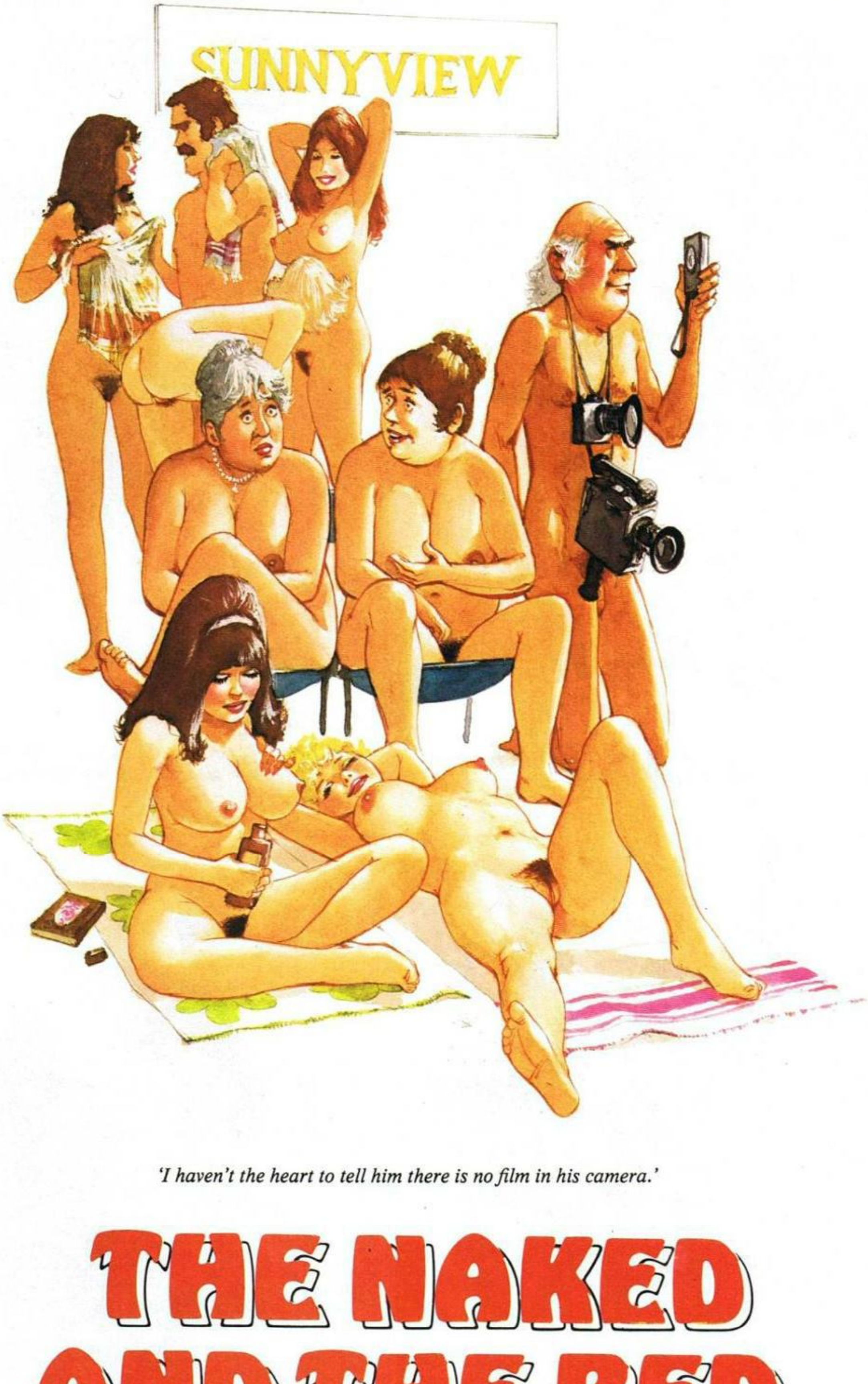
Annie's similarity to Agnetha has been a help in her singing career, but, as yet, she has not attained the same international success. 'Just wait,' she said jokingly, 'I'm ten years younger than her. I'll be around long after Abba have been forgotten.' At present, Annie plays a variety of nightclubs singing songs in both Swedish and English. She hopes to release a single in the autumn. However her performance is not as risqué as the one she gave for our readers. 'I'd like to see the girls from Abba match that,' she laughed cheekily. To be honest so would we.



However there was one occasion when Annie's performance was rather more daring than usual. 'I was playing a club in Malmo wearing a wrap-around evening dress. I reached the middle of the Shirley Bassey hit, *I Who Have Nothing*, when I felt it working loose. So, I looked down.' It was then she saw that it had split open from the navel, revealing a barely adequate pair of pink panties. 'The audience loved it,' she recalled. 'They sat transfixed, then applauded wildly. It was so successful, I didn't do it up again.' That's what we call a 'Super Trooper.' When Annie isn't on stage, her hobbies include walking, riding and driving her bright red Jeep Renegade through the local countryside. 'I'm no rally driver,' she smiled. 'Not all Scandinavians drive with the heel and toe.' Next summer, Annie hopes to come to England for the first time on holiday. 'I want to buy some records,' she told us. 'Abba albums are cheaper in Britain!'



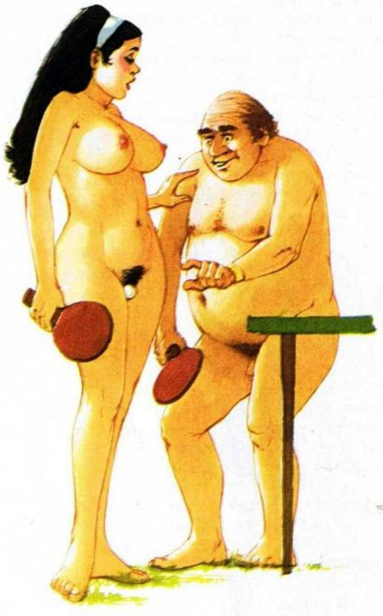




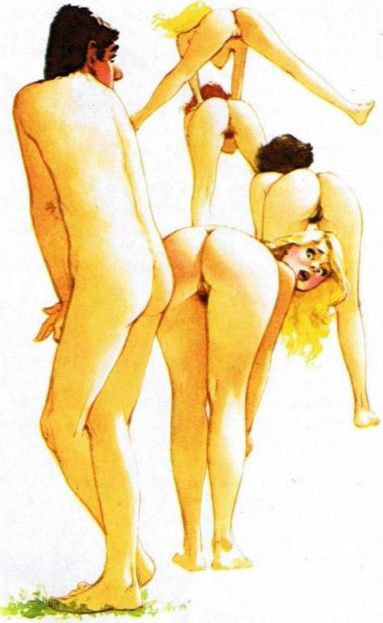
'I haven't the heart to tell him there is no film in his camera.'

THE NAKED AND THE RED

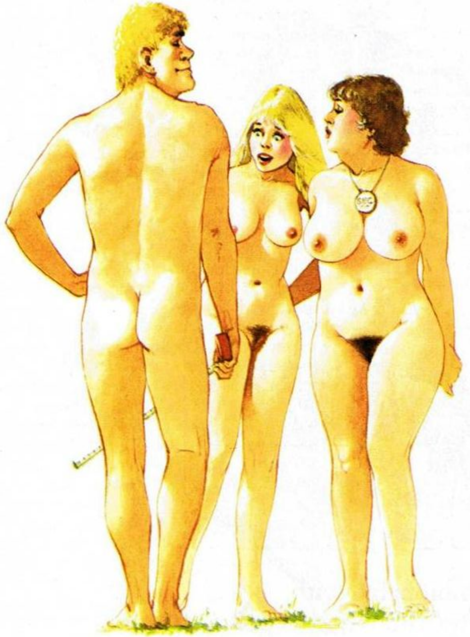
Nudist colonies are fashionable with
sun-worshippers, but cartoonist Brian Forbes points
out even they get hot under the collar



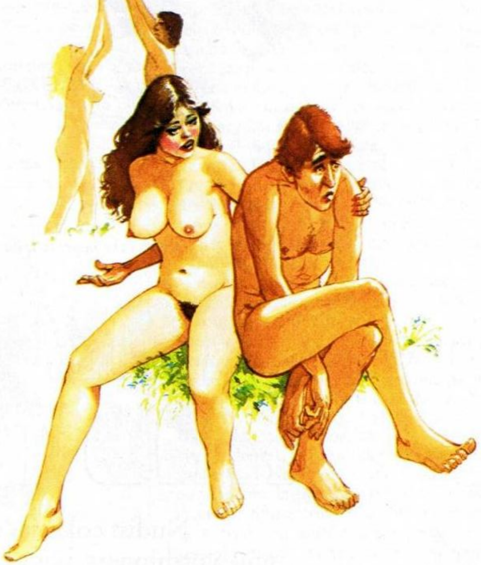
'Great smash, Mr Wilson, but I'll get it myself . . .'



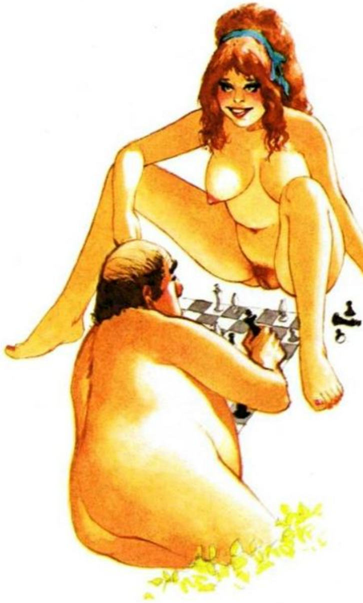
'Come along, Roger, what's the hold up?'



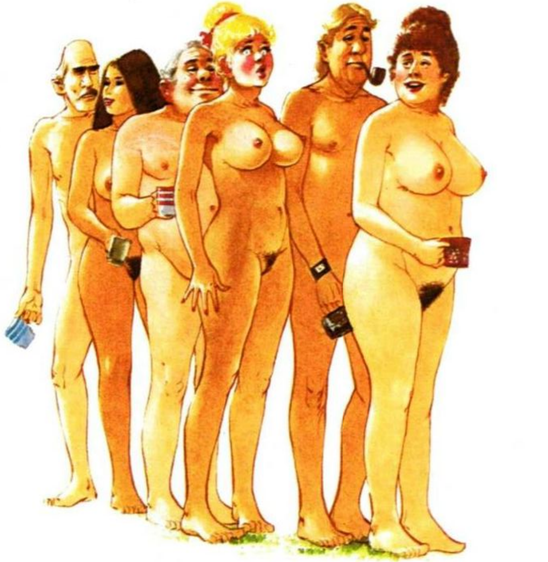
'Tony has this thing about being our longest-standing member.'



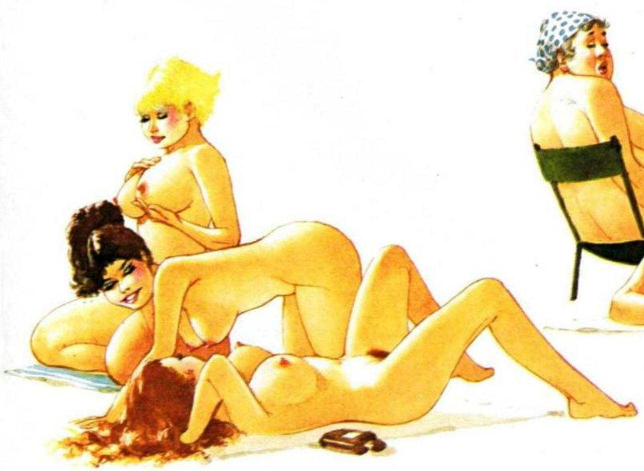
'For Heaven's sake, Nick, all I said was that all men are not equal . . .'



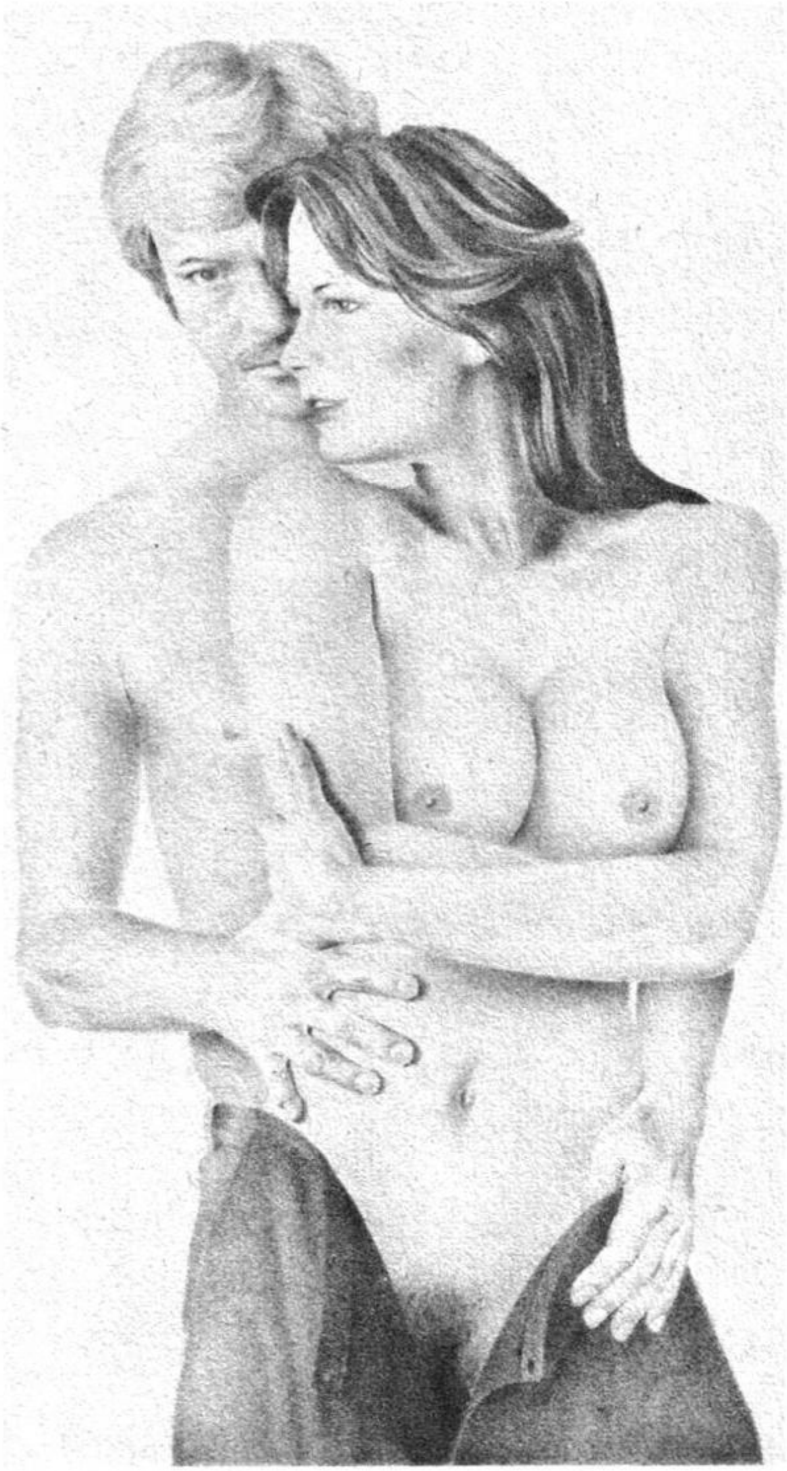
'It's really sweet of you to take the trouble to teach me chess, Mr Featherby.'



'I can think of nothing better than a cup of tea at the end of a glorious day in the sunshine, eh, Susan?'



'For the last time, Edward, stay in one position like that, and you'll burn for sure.'



QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Sixteen

Most lovers are tempted to share the secrets of their sex lives. But sometimes the confidant they choose can turn into a rival. This month Quest talks to three of these so called Judas confessors

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

INTERVIEW - 1

CREDIT CONTROLLER, 25 years old, brunette, town of origin Norwich

This interviewee attended teacher-training college after leaving school, and taught for two years before being made redundant. She now works for a small manufacturing company. She has lived with her present boyfriend for three years.

Quest: How would you describe your relationship with your boyfriend?
Controller: Very good, very happy.
Quest: And sexually?
Controller: The same. It's lovely. We've been very lucky that way.
Quest: Would you say you're both equally experienced?
Controller: We both had relationships before we met, of course. I lived with someone for a year when I was at college. Tony had girlfriends.
Quest: Very many?
Controller: Two or three.
Quest: More or less than you?
Controller: Less, I suppose, numerically speaking. Tony tended to take his relationships quite seriously.
Quest: And you don't?
Controller: I suppose I experimented more than Tony did. Things did get a bit steamy for a while.
Quest: Steamy in a sexual sense?
Controller: No, I mean in terms of relationships. An awful lot of musical beds went on.
Quest: It sounds fascinating.
Controller: You must know what I mean. It happens with any fairly close-knit group of unmarried people, and some married, I suppose. A couple form a relationship, then they break up and the different partners usually end up with friends of their ex – because the friends are the people they know best. Half the time, the friend knows almost as much about a person as their ex-partner did – mainly because they've been treated to all the intimate details *by* the ex-partner, who often turns into an ex-friend as a result! I remember in my third year it was getting ludicrous. There was a group of about a dozen of us, six couples, and everyone had either been engaged to or lived with or just

had practically everybody else!

Quest: Did you ever suffer from a friendly betrayal?

Controller: I suppose you could say I benefitted from one. That was really how I got off with Tony, but I could see the relationship he was in was disastrous – for both of them. In fact I was vindicated last year when I met the girl again. She was all twin-sets and pearls – middle-aged already.

Quest: But this girl was a friend?

Controller: Yes. Christine wasn't quite as bad as that then. I must say I didn't set out coldly to get Tony. I fancied him when I first met him and I got the feeling he fancied me too. But I knew him for ages before anything happened.

Quest: Why did you think he and Christine were unsuited?

Controller: I didn't think it – she did, or so she told me. Her real problem was that she didn't like sex. And more or less everything she told me about Tony convinced me that he loved it.

Quest: Can you give me an example?

Controller: The best one tells it all really. Christine made a big thing out of something Tony tried to do to her one night. They were in the back of her car, and they'd obviously been petting fairly heavily – Christine didn't have her knickers on. They were all set up for the big moment when Tony put his head down, and started kissing and licking her thighs, clearly heading for the honeypot – I must admit the thought of him and chilly Christine together still makes me shudder! When she had worked out what he was up to she was totally outraged. It was closed legs, and no more goodies for weeks. In fact when we talked about it she was asking me confidentially if she thought Tony was some kind of pervert. I honestly thought she was joking. I couldn't believe a girl of her age wouldn't know about oral sex.

Quest: It impressed you that Tony tried it?

Controller: Oh yes. I'd only had it done to me once – by a boyfriend I couldn't stand otherwise, but it was such a glorious feeling, and he did it very well, I put up with him for months.

Quest: How did you use this knowledge?

Controller: For her last year Christine got the offer of a flat in the house where I was staying, and Tony and I helped move her in. Actually Tony and I did most of it because Christine got involved in teaching practice at the same time. So Tony and I were thrown together quite a lot, and what we both felt sort of came to the surface. There were other factors too. Tony was half expected to move in with Christine but she was in two minds – she wanted to be properly engaged, preferably married, and Tony just wasn't prepared for that. It was very much a make or break time for them.

Quest: Did you seduce him?

Controller: I don't honestly think I did – not initially, anyway. Which is quite good because Tony *is* very seduceable. It's quite alarming really! We spent one Friday afternoon shifting the last of Christine's things from her old digs, and Tony was waiting for her to get home from her school – it was a fair trek and she used to stay in digs locally during the week. Then she phoned to say she'd had to stay for some meeting, and she was tired so she wasn't driving back till the morning. So I offered to make Tony a meal in my flat, and one thing led to another – but only after he'd told me he was thinking seriously of breaking off with Christine.

Quest: What actually happened?

Controller: After we'd eaten we were both sitting on the sofa with our drinks. We weren't drunk but we were very relaxed, and the atmosphere just became very intimate. How do these things usually happen? He was opening his heart to me, I suppose. One moment our heads were close together, then we were kissing, and it was obvious neither of us wanted to stop.

> ‘I was standing before him, my boobs bare. I told him a kiss and cuddle was hardly going to upset Christine’

Quest: Did you?

Controller: I'm sure Tony would have had me there and then on the sofa if I'd let him, but I knew that was how he and Christine used to do it. I didn't want it to be like that with us. So I made Tony stop, and I got up and turned the lights down, and started to get undressed, which was a mistake.

Quest: Why?

Controller: It gave him time to think. He's a terribly loyal person. I was literally down to my knickers when I saw him sitting with his shirt open and his trouser belt undone, but that was all. He said, ‘Look, I feel a bit bad about this.’ Marvellous compliment! I'm standing there with my boobs bare.

Quest: How did you react?

Controller: I wanted to bawl at him, but that wouldn't have done any good. I decided to be totally reasonable, or at least pretended to. I went and sat down beside him. I told him we didn't have to give in to our feelings completely, but we obviously *did* feel for each other, and an affectionate kiss and cuddle was hardly going to upset Christine.

Quest: Did he believe you?

Controller: I doubt it! But by the way he was looking at my breasts, and by the size of the lump in his underpants he obviously wanted to. So I kissed him, very softly and innocently on the cheek. But of course both of us were practically bare-chested so my boobs couldn't help squashing against his chest. I know it was naughty but if I'd waited for him we might have been there all night, and his skin felt so warm and hard against mine. He gave this shuddering sigh, and then very slowly brought his hands up, and held my breasts. Then he moved his fingers round until his thumbs were on my nipples, and began to rub them slowly. I couldn't breathe! I felt so taut – afraid, like you always are with someone new that they're just not going to fancy you. Then I was worried he wouldn't be able to forget Christine, or he'd decide he really fancied her more. And on top of all that was the thought that we actually *were* together at last. And that was when he looked up at me and told me he'd promised Christine he'd never go to bed with anyone else.

Quest: What did you say to that?

Controller: Well, if he'd planned to bring me to the peak of frustration he couldn't have done it better. To be honest, if it had been anyone else, I'd have told them to stuff it.

Quest: But you didn't?

Controller: It sounds most unlikely, I know, but I am actually quite shy early in a relationship. Previously my boldest act had been to strip off with a new partner, and that only because my figure is fairly good. So it was an effort for me to do what I did.

Quest: Which was?

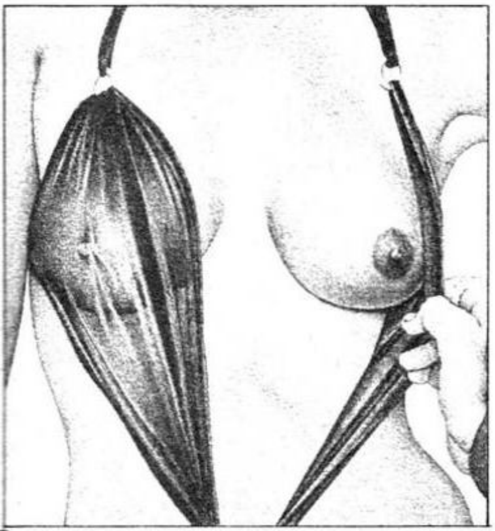
Controller: I told Tony there were lots of ways to enjoy ourselves without breaking his promise. And while I said that I reached over and pulled his zip as far down as it would go. His erection was sticking almost straight up, making a big tent of his Y-fronts. I could feel how tense he was. Any minute I expected him to clutch at my hand, and tell me to stop. Then I slipped my finger under the edge of the elastic, and felt his warm flesh and the crinkly hair of his pubes as I folded the material back. He was magnificent. Very thick, red and meaty-looking with a lovely, round, shiny cap. I folded my fingers round his shaft – he was so hot and hard! Then I licked my lips, and bent down over his lap. I slipped his knob into my mouth, and slowly began to lick round and round his gland. It was like having the whole of him trapped inside me. Taking a man into your mouth is more intimate than having him screw you.

Quest: Did Tony agree?

Controller: He was in seventh heaven – moaning and clutching at my head – it didn't stop him reaching down to tweak my breast, though! I started to slide my lips up and down his shaft, pulling him deeper into my throat. I didn't care if he came in my mouth – I just wanted him to know *I* was making him come. But that's when the most incredible part happened.

Quest: Go on.

Controller: I'd sort of ended up on my knees between Tony's legs, bending his cock towards me as I sucked it. But then he started to slide sideways, coming down onto the carpet beside me. I thought he wanted to come inside me, but when I went to lie down next to him he gently but firmly moved me in the opposite direction, so that we were lying end to end.



Quest: The 69 position?

Controller: Mm. He began to peel down my knickers, and I realised what he was going to do. He was licking me even before he'd got my pants off. Tiny, stabbing nudges from his tongue, right along my crack, so that it felt as if he were opening me up, like petals. Then there was one long, deep lick from right between my legs up onto my clit, and my head was ringing! And he just *did* me like that – so slowly and gently and beautifully, I was sobbing just before I came – I couldn't believe how marvellous it was, better than anyone had ever licked me before. When I climaxed it was like a superb liquid explosion – I can't describe it any other way. And just as it started to fade Tony's cock burst in my mouth – and that excited me so much I found myself rolling into another orgasm.

Quest: So your relationship was launched?

Controller: I didn't think Tony realised there were girls who actually liked oral sex, or even sex itself – he seemed to have had a run of Christine-types, so he was ready to let rip. That's why I've never felt really guilty about Christine, though I was sorry she was upset by the break-up. If she and Tony had actually got married I'm sure he'd just have met someone like me later on, and the result would have been much worse.

Quest: Thank you very much.

INTERVIEW - 2

COPYWRITER, 32 years old, town of origin Ross-on-Wye

This, male, interviewee took an arts degree before becoming a trade journalist. He later moved into public relations and advertising, and now works for an advertising agency in the Midlands. He married six years ago.

Quest: Would you say confession is good for one's sex life?

Copywriter: I think *hearing* a confession can give you a tremendous advantage.

Quest: How do you mean exactly?

Copywriter: When I first met my wife she was married to a very good friend of mine. Rick was an old drinking pal from my trade paper days. And we did most of our drinking when his marriage was going off the rails. So I had a sort of inside view of Patti.

Quest: Did that include sexual aspects?

Copywriter: Oh very much so. That was one of their biggest problems. You see, Rick was a lovely man but he was basically what I'd call an amiable thug. Very much a sixteen pints followed by a quick bash under the sheets on a Saturday night man. Completely different from Patti's background, which I'm sure was a lot to do with the attraction. Apparently at first she'd really gone for the rough and ready approach in bed – Rick had been really surprised because she's such a small, delicate-looking thing. But then she'd cooled off for no apparent reason, and he just didn't seen able to turn her on any more. Reading between the lines it was obviously because he didn't offer anything more.

Quest: But you used that information in your relationship with her?

Copywriter: Not to seduce her, I hasten to add. I always liked her, and fancied her a lot but you sort of shut off those feelings with a friend's wife, don't you? But then I changed jobs, and lost touch with Rick, and I ran into Patti in the street one day and she told me she and Rick had split up. Things happened fairly naturally from there. I must admit I was a bit naughty the first time I went to bed with her, though.

Quest: In what way?

Copywriter: Rick mentioned that the one time which had driven Patti really wild was when he'd had her from behind in front of a wardrobe mirror so that she could actually see him screwing her. Which was what I managed to do on our first night together. She knows where I got the idea, otherwise I wouldn't have told you. And it certainly did the trick! But that was an exceptional situation. Normally women do the confessing.

> ‘She realised Rick had told me their secret when we first made love, doggie style in front of the mirror’

Quest: You're speaking from experience?

Copywriter: I've always enjoyed talking to women about emotional matters, relationships. Apart from anything else it's a marvellous way to get off with them. An awful lot of men only seem to talk about themselves, apparently, or their jobs or their cars. Girls were always acting surprised when I showed an interest in the way they really felt or thought. And they tend to be incredibly frank. It's usually quite a turn-on. But the girls seemed to get just as turned on by it too.

Quest: By confessing sexual secrets?

Copywriter: Not blatantly, unless they were fairly drunk. Usually in the context of a relationship. I remember one girl I used to work with just after I'd left university. She was a bloody good journalist actually – a little brunette, averagely pretty but with an astonishing pair of tits. Our deputy editor was knocking her off. I liked Jan a lot, more than I really fancied her in fact. We had a drink one night after we'd both been working late, and I went back to her flat for a night cap – quite innocently. She told me she was in a mess because she had this very comfortable relationship with our friend in the office, but she was also sleeping with someone who'd literally picked her up at a bus stop – a complete bastard but who was an absolutely superb fuck. He was in the CID, apparently, and he had a habit of turning up at almost any hour of the day or night and just fucking her. And she couldn't refuse him. She showed me where he'd had her round the flat – over the sofa, up against the sink, even in the loo. And if he couldn't stick it up her he'd get her to bring him off by rubbing his cock between her boobs. He had an obsession about them, which was understandable. He was a foul-mouthed sod, too. He used to keep up a running commentary on what he was doing to her, or what he was going to do. She admitted it disgusted her almost as much it turned her on, and that she couldn't see any future in the relationship, but she knew that if he walked through her door in the next second and told her to strip she would.

Quest: She gave you all these details?

Copywriter: A bit more circumspectly than that, but enough to get me stiff.

Quest: You mean she noticed?

Copywriter: Well I didn't exactly unzip, and flash her but she was sitting close enough to make hiding it a bit obvious. She got terribly apologetic, saying it was all her fault, she should have realised, so selfish et cetera. And I was desperately saying it didn't matter, it was my problem. Then we started making jokes about cold showers, but having broached the subject it sort of opened the way to more intimacy, especially when she made a joke about it being a pity to waste it. To be totally cynical I think she was missing her CID man's attentions – he hadn't visited her for nearly a fortnight.

Quest: So you had sex?

Copywriter: It all happened almost casually. She just said it was getting terribly late, I might as well stay. We took turns going to the bathroom, then when I followed her into the bedroom the light was out, and she was standing at the end of the bed, peeling down her knickers. She didn't have a stitch on otherwise. So I thought I'd take a leaf out of her policeman's notebook and reached my arms round onto her bare breasts. And they were every bit as good as they looked inside a dress – really firm, heavy boobs, beautifully shaped too. She stiffened at first and said, ‘You're taking a lot for granted, aren't you?’ Which struck me as a little belated, so I went on stroking and caressing her nipples, feeling them pucker and rise between my fingers so I couldn't have been doing too much wrong. Then I kissed the back of her neck, and she laughed and sighed and wriggled her bare bottom back into my crotch, hard up against my erection.

Quest: Had you undressed too?

Copywriter: No, I hadn't.

Quest: Go on.

Copywriter: She said, ‘What do you think you're going to do with that?’ So I said, ‘Well, I thought you might like to sit on it.’ She laughed, and said it might not be wide enough. I told her, ‘There's only one way to find that out.’ Then she giggled and bent forward and slipped her hand round her back between us so that it was pressed against my crotch, and she began rubbing

The Mayfair Film Society

Presenting six of the most sensational maids ever to appear in *Mayfair* starring in our very own full colour home movies

OUR SEXY SIX

Blonde, full-breasted Mandy Kuypers (that's her, right) is just one of the sexy six superbirds who appear in our exclusive, full colour 8 mm home movies. Dressed in a thigh-revealing, knicker-flashing leather mini, Mandy plays the part of a randy secretary whose boss just can't keep his mind on his work – or his hands off her tight white knickers which scarcely conceal Mandy's firm, rounded bottom. Everything is revealed as her misadventures leave her bare. And if you find uniforms a turn-on, then you'll fall for air-hostess Sophie, a long-legged brunette whose crisp starched uniform is discarded after an impromptu soaking. And, of course, there's Victoria Jane, enjoying an outdoor romp that leaves her breathless and bare. Remember Penny Mallet? These days she's better known as top model Nina Carter. Now you can see her naked and in motion because we've filmed her in a slinky, shiny, see-through PVC bikini that hides absolutely nothing. Perhaps you like swinging dolly-birds. If so, you'll adore Caroline Dell, a svelte blonde with the sex appeal of a young Monroe. Last, is our sultry black temptress, Sylvia Bayo, whose huge stubby-nippled breasts will arouse all your darkest fantasies. Mandy, Sophie, Victoria Jane, Penny,

Caroline and Sylvia – six of the very best, all lovingly photographed in pin-sharp detail on full colour 8 mm films that you can enjoy again and again. The price is just £10.30 per film, including (P&P). Fill in the coupon below, and send it with your remittance. Or you can pay by Access/American Express and soon you'll be savouring the most arousing films ever to feature *Mayfair's* magical maids.

Please tick below the film you require and mail the coupon to **Mayfair Film Society, 95a Chancery Lane, WC2.** All films are £10.30. I enclose cheque/postal order made payable to Fisk Publishing Co for .... Or debit my Access/ American Express account.
My card no. is ....

	Super 8 only		Super 8 only
Mandy	☐	Caroline	☐
Sophie	☐	Sylvia	☐
Penny	☐	Victoria Jane	☐

Name .... Address..................................
.... M199
Signature .... *Reg. London 875169*

If you don't wish to cut your magazine, photocopy this coupon, or send details on plain paper.

the bulge up and down, making this soft purring noise in the back of her throat. This was doing wonders for me so I decided to return the compliment, and took one hand off her breast, and slid it between her legs. She was giving off the most tremendous heat – but when I drew my finger through her pubes she gave a violent shudder, and stopped rubbing me. She felt almost dry. So I said the first thing that came into my head, which was, 'Don't you like having your pussy stroked?' I heard her swallow, and she said, 'What do you mean?' 'Your pussy,' I said. 'It feels so warm and nice I just want to touch it properly. Won't you let me stroke it for you –?' Then it happened. Another shuddering sigh, and I felt her dampness on my fingers. Her pussy softened and swelled under my touch.

Quest: Was she responding to what you'd said?

Copywriter: I'm convinced of it. I was obviously giving her a touch of the Mr Plod's – literally! And to be honest it turned me on just as much to feel the effect it had on her. So I piled it on. 'You don't mind me stroking your pussy, do you?' I said. 'You've got such soft crinkly hair down there, haven't you? I love touching it. Such soft, puffy lips too . . . all smooth and pink and slippery . . . you don't mind if I open them out, do you? Let the air touch your soft insides. Shall I kiss them for you? I'd love to kiss them . . .'

Quest: What effect did this have?

Copywriter: She melted. As I pushed my finger into her, and squeezed it up against her clit, her knees buckled, and she flopped forward onto the bed, moaning. So I went down with her, lifted her bottom into the air, spread her legs, and plunged my face between them. I nearly got my head crushed! As I poked my tongue into her crack she practically jumped off the bed, and snapped her legs together. I managed to keep breathing by gripping her thighs very tightly. I started tonguing and licking her, up and down her pussy lips round and round her clit, while she thrashed and bucked and wailed like a mad thing. Then, just when I though my last hour had come, she went absolutely rigid, gave three massive shudders, clamping me really tightly, then a long low sigh and collapsed.

Quest: Not entirely satisfactory for you, though.

Copywriter: Well, I reckoned I'd earned some rights by then. So I got up and stripped as quickly as I could, I was just getting my pants off when there was that soft purring sound from the bed again. And I saw Jan had stirred and was grinning over her shoulder at me. 'And what exactly,' she said, 'do you have in mind?' 'Actually,' I said, 'I thought I might fuck you.' I could see her eyes get rounder in the dark. 'And how are you going to manage that,' she asked. 'Oh,' I told her, 'rather like this I expect.' I reached forward, lifted her from the waist, and pulled her bum into the air. Then with my free hand I brought my cock down between her buttocks, and pressed its tip against her.

Quest: She made no objection?

Copywriter: She just purred again, and arched her back. And she was like a swamp between her legs, her whole body very taut.

'I'll just slip inside,' I said, 'and I'll push as hard as I can, and I'll spurt –' Mind you, it didn't quite sound that smooth! I'm not sure if I even managed 'spurt' – I was too busy doing that, and all the time Jan was pushing her pussy back onto my cock as I thrust and gasping, 'Yes, yes, push *push!* Fuck me – fuck me – !' And then we both seemed to shoot off together.

Quest: Did you repeat the experience?

Copywriter: No. I think Jan was waiting to see if I followed it up, and I was waiting to see if she would. If she hadn't already been involved with someone in the office it might have been different. Really we were just two friends who got struck down by galloping randiness and were a bit embarrassed about it afterwards.

Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 3

NURSING SISTER, 27 years old, redhead, town of origin Carlisle

This interviewee worked in the private sector after training but returned to the NHS after her marriage two years ago. She now lives in the West Country where her husband is a farmer.

Quest: Have you ever used what you might call privileged information to get your own way in a sexual relationship?

Sister: I'm not sure what you mean by 'privileged'?

Quest: 'Privileged' in the sense that the existing partner of someone you like tells it to you in confidence, but you then use it to attract the man you want.

Sister: I've done it once – though it did backfire on me.

Quest: Can you explain?

Sister: When I was at teaching hospital I was very keen on one of the housemen. We got on very well, but nothing seemed to get going romantically. I knew he had other girlfriends, and I knew he was sleeping with at least two of them.

Quest: How did you know that?

Sister: They told me. I did a whole series of night duties with one who was in fact married, a girl called Moira. The other girl used to share a flat with me until I moved. She didn't know about the married girl.

Quest: The houseman's love life didn't put you off?

Sister: Oh, no. That just made him more of a challenge. I was only about 19, remember. I was into my mature man phase. Mature men are always married or engaged or involved in passionate affairs, by definition. Anyway I had my inside information from Moira.

Quest: What was that?

Sister: Nothing amazingly startling. It was just that if you could get him on his own, in a potentially romantic situation, and made it obvious you were keen, he found it very difficult to turn a girl down. I realise now a lot of men have that problem. They find it very difficult to say no to a woman – obviously if she's reasonably young and attractive and eager. Unless men are absolutely gorgeous they just don't develop the kind of brush-off technique a girl has to. So I thought, 'Right, that's what I'll do.' I was assuming, of course, that the moment he'd had me he'd fall madly in love, and never want anyone else again. Unfortunately nothing worked out the way I'd planned.

Quest: What did happen?

Sister: One night he asked me to go to a party with him after a week of very long duties. I should really have gone straight back to my flat, and slept. But I made a point of being available to Mike so I went. And it was a really bad decision. I nodded off at the party, then on the way back his car broke down in a thunderstorm, and when I helped to push-start it I tripped, and got soaked in mud. When we got to my flat I just wanted to collapse and forget about it all, but Mike insisted on seeing I got cleaned up properly and out of my wet clothes.

Quest: You mean he undressed you?

Sister: It sounds a lot more erotic than it was. I was like a rag doll – dog-tired and wet and miserable and weepy. As far as I was concerned I was showing him the very worst side of me. I remember flopping about on the bed while he got me out of my dress and my shoes and tights. Then he wrapped a big towel round me and more or less carried me through into the bathroom.

Quest: Presumably you were still wearing underclothes under the towel?

Sister: My bra and knickers, yes. He filled the wash basin, and started rubbing my face with a flannel. Actually I was quite giggly by now. I felt like a five-year-old being washed by daddy. It was just the mixture of extreme fatigue and alcohol. I kept flopping and slipping out of Mike's grasp. In the end he just let me slump to the floor. I didn't have the energy left to move myself. And he started filling the bath. 'It's about time you did your own soaking,' he said. 'A nice hot wallow'll sober you up. That *did* sober me.

Quest: Because you expected Mike to put you in the bath himself?

Sister: I was pretty keen to see how he'd manage it. When the bath was full enough he said, 'Come on, Marion. Time to soak.' Which I ignored. Then he shook my shoulder. I just giggled without opening my eyes. He gave a sigh, then he bent down, caught me under my arms, and pulled me to my feet.

Quest: You didn't help him?

Sister: Oh I was all over him! It really was like a scene out of a farce. Finally he muttered, 'Oh Jesus – ' and managed to hook my arms round his neck. By this time the towel was on the floor. Poor Mike had one arm trying to hold me up while he fumbled at my bra clip with the other. That eventually came undone, then he started on my knickers. I really was wicked. I acted like a complete dead weight. Even though I'm quite a little thing really, he really had his work cut out. In the end he was holding me, virtually bent double, over his arm, while he tugged down my pants from behind. In fact he didn't get them right off my ankles until he'd lifted me and lowered me into the hot water.

Quest: Presumably onto your back?

Sister: I think I'd have drowned otherwise! But he did get a full frontal view, if that's what you mean. There was some soap in the water but it was still fairly clear.

Quest: And you were still acting floppy?

BINDERS, KEEPERS

Do you have trouble keeping your *Mayfairs* together? Can't find a particular issue containing a favourite piece of fiction, joke, feature or memorable *Mayfair* maid? The problem is solved, courtesy of the *Mayfair* binder, guaranteed to take a full 12 issues, including the bumper Christmas issue. Covered in elegant dark green PVC with a golden *Mayfair* logo on the spine, it makes a distinguished addition to any study bookshelf. Its exclusive binding system makes insertion quicker and easier than ever before. And each binder costs only £6.00, inclusive of P&P.

To: Pat Asquith, Mayfair,
95A Chancery Lane,
London WC2A 1DZ

Please send me .... binder(s) at £6.00 each.
I enclose cheque/postal order for £......... Or debit my Access/American Express account.
Card No. ....
Name ....
....
Address ....
....
....
Signature....................................
Date M199

Re London No. 875169

All orders sent in plain wrapper.
Available UK only. Reg. 875159

If you don't wish to cut your magazine, photocopy this coupon, or send details on plain paper.

INFLATION BEATER

MAYFAIR
£1.00
NUDE EXCLUSIVE
George Best's sexy new girl-friend
OLYMPIC DAMES
Meet Mayfair's Gold Modellists
WAS EDITH THOMPSON UNJUSTLY HANGED? THE FAMOUS MURDER RE-INVESTIGATED
JAMAICA: WE BARE A STUNNING STARBIRD
LURE OF THE LAGONDA: THE CLASSIC BRITISH TOURER
HANGOVERS: HOW TO CURE THE WRATH OF GRAPES

By subscribing to *Mayfair* you can hold the price for a whole year – and that can't be a bad thing in these times. And the price of £17.50 ensures that you will receive 12 print-fresh copies, despite any further postal increases. Remember too that this price also means you will receive our usually higher-priced bumper Christmas edition. The special price of £17.50 also applies to overseas subscribers, and for foreign readers is especially excellent value for money. Due to overseas distribution costs and local taxes *Mayfair* on sale on bookstalls abroad is often much more expensive than in the UK. But because internal UK postal rates are so high it costs little or no more to send *Mayfair* abroad. So don't delay – post the coupon now.

To: *Mayfair* Subscriptions, Fisk Publishing Co Ltd, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. Please send to the name and address below the next twelve issues of *Mayfair*, commencing with Vol. No.
I enclose a PO/cheque made payable to 'Fisk Publishing Co Ltd' for £17.50. Or debit my Access/American Express account:
Card No. ....
Name ....
Address ....
....
Signature ....
Date M199

If you don't wish to cut your magazine, photocopy this coupon, or send details on plain paper.

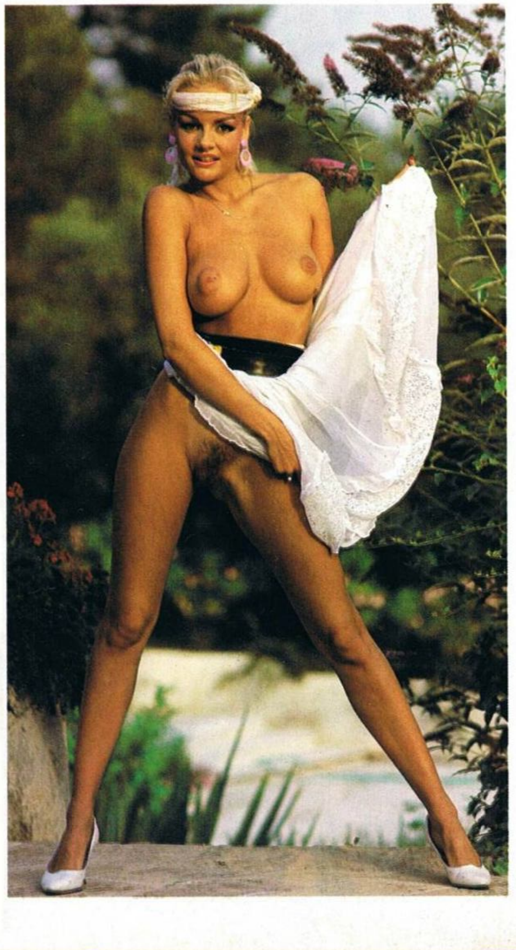
Sister: I still *was* floppy. I know I'd never have dared to be that blatant otherwise.
Quest: Precisely how blatant were you?
Sister: I asked him to wash me.
Quest: Did he?
Sister: I thought at first I really had gone too far. Then he gave his huffy consultant's sigh, and I knew he would. Also I could see by the bump in his trousers he was turned on. I watched him lean over and pick the soap out the water. Then he sighed again and began to lather my shoulders. So I smiled and closed my eyes and leaned back so that my boobs lifted out of the water. First he circled them with his soapy hands, and went down to my feet. I'm sure he was deliberately teasing me. Then he came back to my breasts again, and this time he put his hands right over them.
Quest: Did you expect to have intercourse?
Sister: When his hand slipped down between my legs and began massaging my pussy mound I thought I was going to come all on my own. My head was swimming – I could feel my womb tightening and twitching. And I didn't just want to be masturbated by him. I wanted him to do me, to love me properly. I remember opening my eyes and he was leaning right over me, his face absolutely scarlet. I said something like, 'Please Mike – please – have me – do me – '
Quest: And he responded?
Sister: It was all very sudden, very frantic. He was tearing at his shirt and trousers. I was sitting up trying to help him. I don't think he actually got his shirt off. He kicked off his shoes and trousers and pants in one bundle, then he was rolling over the side of the bath, sliding between my legs with his lovely red thing wobbling in front of him. There was water going everywhere! We were lucky it was one of those huge, old-fashioned Victorian baths or we'd never have managed it. It certainly wasn't easy as it was. I finished up with my head somewhere between the taps, arching my back while Mike held me in the small of my back as he humped me. All that mattered was that he was in me and fucking me.
Quest: Did the relationship continue?
Sister: He stayed the night, and we did it again before we went to sleep. I had a heady few days thinking it was all on, before I realised he wasn't going to call me. Then one morning he asked me to have a coffee with him, and he told me he'd decided to get engaged to someone else but he wanted to tell me first before he announced it. He didn't want anything that had happened to upset our friendship.
Quest: How did you react to that?
Sister: Very stiff upper lip. I'm good at that. I wasn't too happy at the time, but later I thought he'd been quite good really. I *did* more or less offer myself on a plate. And I had a lovely time. It was the other result that wasn't so lovely.
Quest: What was that?
Sister: I made the mistake of telling Moira what had happened one night duty.
Quest: She didn't mind?
Sister: Oh no. Moira always had something going with someone. She was supposed to have this kind of open marriage with her husband Brian. I always got the feeling it was more her idea than his. She was a very attractive girl. They were a fairly strange couple altogether.
Quest: The husband never tried to include you in their open arrangement?
Sister: There lies the rub. Brian was an attractive man – a bit macho for my taste – but I never looked on him as a bedmate. If my 'mature man' was going to be married it had to be someone I didn't know.
Quest: But Brian didn't see it that way?
Sister: There was no problem until after I'd made my little confession to Moira. I was studying for exams at the time – she'd finished all that, and she was lending me quite a few books she'd found useful. Whenever I was really pushed and she was on duty Brian sometimes used to pop them round to my flat. One Sunday evening Brian turned up just as I was about to climb into the bath. In fact I'd completely forgotten I'd asked Moira for the books. But Brian had driven all the way over, and he had to wait until Moira finished her duty that night to run her home, so I told him to get himself a drink while I jumped into the bath. I thought that was quite normal.
Quest: Brian regarded it otherwise?
Sister: I was just settling down for a good wallow when he knocked on the door, and said he'd got a drink for me too. I hardly wanted him to burst in so I told him to wait, but he insisted. And he came in. He had the drink alright but that was all, apart from a tiny little towel he'd wrapped round his waist. And it didn't do much to hide a massive great erection. I just couldn't believe it. I'd done absolutely *nothing*, as far as I could see, to even hint that I fancied him. I almost laughed, especially when he seemed as surprised as me. 'But when you mentioned the bath,' he said, 'I thought it was alright. You know how you are with water.' That was when the penny dropped. He was talking about Mike and I, and the only way he could have found out was from Moira.
Quest: So nothing happened?
Sister: Plenty happened! I nearly went berserk. He was making me out to be some kind of aqua sex freak. I think it was the first time in my block a stark naked, soaking wet female had thrown an equally naked man out onto the landing. Moira thought it was hilarious when I told her. But it taught me to be very careful about who I divulged my naughtiest secrets to.
Quest: Don't worry. They're safe with us.

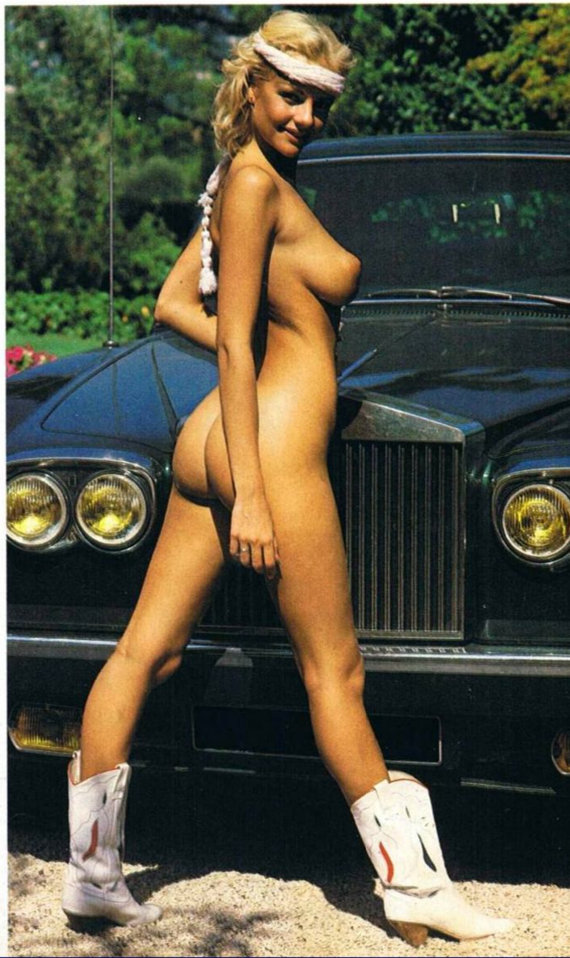
FIRST IN MAYFAIR

Jeanette, Penthouse Pet of the Year models a million dollars

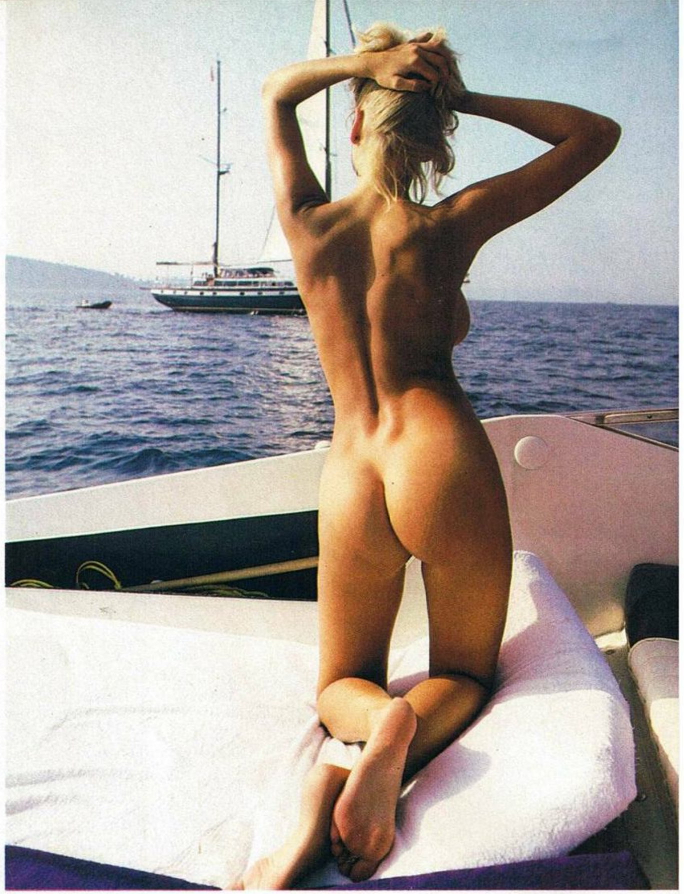
PHOTOGRAPHED BY JEAN ROUGERON

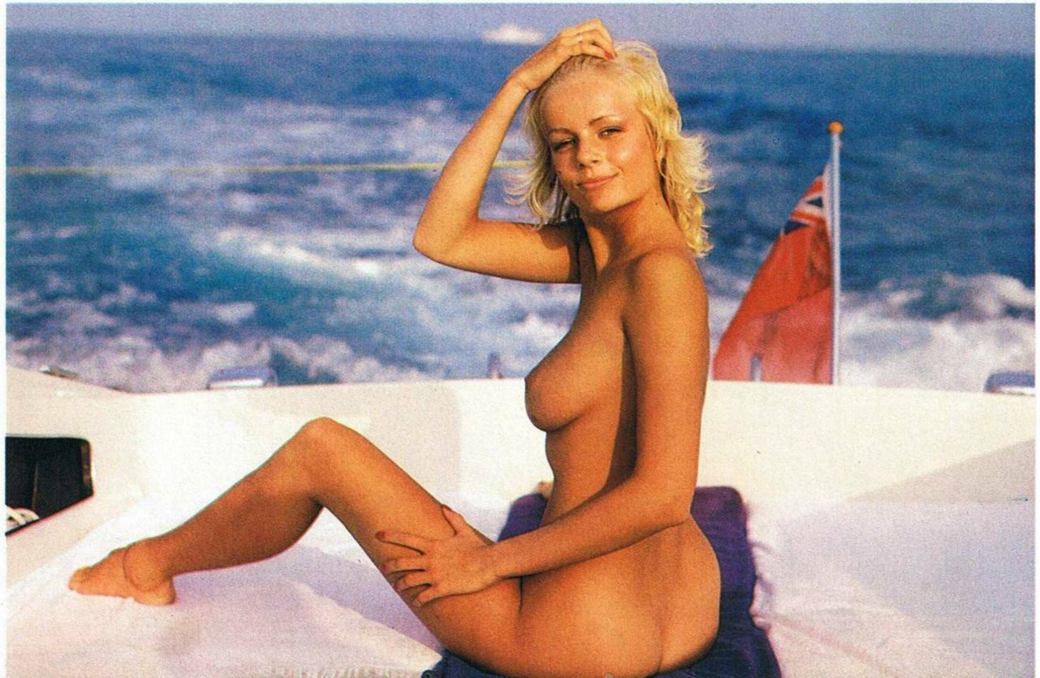
We've all used the phrase, 'You look like a million dollars,' when chatting up a young lady. But sit back and take a long lingering look at Jeanette if you want to see what a real million dollar beauty looks like. Those full uptilted breasts, that slim waist, pert bottom and beautiful face with those sparkling eyes won her a million dollars in prizes when she won the *Penthouse* Pet of the Year competition some months ago. She was crowned by *Penthouse* owner Bob Guccione himself, but before he was able to feature her in his own magazine we tracked down some photos of Jeanette, and stole his thunder by featuring Jeanette's million dollar charms in the pages of *Mayfair* Vol 19 No 3.



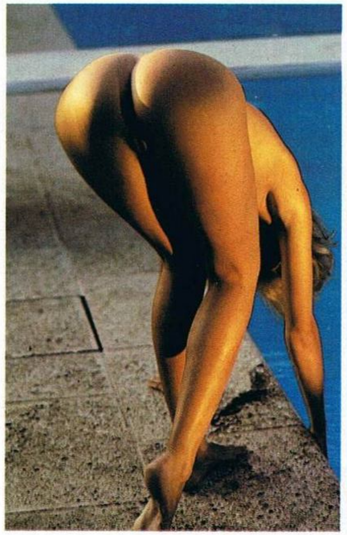


When *Mayfair* photographer Jean Rougeron met 20-year-old Jeanette, and chatted to her about what she planned to do with her winnings, he suddenly hit on the idea of photographing our million dollar girl in surroundings befitting her fortune. Jeanette agreed it would be fun, so he started out by posing her against a Rolls Royce, the ultimate status symbol. 'Then I wanted to come up with something that would really show the style of the jet-set,' said Jean. 'So what better than a helicopter and a luxury yacht?' And it did seem fitting to photograph a Danish girl who won an American beauty contest on board a boat in the Med flying the Red Ensign.





Not content with posing Jeanette against a chopper, Jean decided to put her next to an airplane as well, just to remind us that she could buy her own if she had a mind to. Back at the villa Jeanette cooled off with a refreshing dip in the luxury swimming pool, but one look at that rounded bottom splashing through the water only raised our temperatures ten degrees.



Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

On a trip to Brands Hatch, James met and fell in love with a lady racing driver. A few months later they were married, and following James' instructions, Linda gave up driving to look after the home. However, she couldn't really get the thrill of the track out of her mind. Every night as they lay in bed, she would grab her husband's tool, and fiddle with it like a gear stick, making car noises, as she dreamed of winning at Brands.

After a few weeks of this James' part was red-raw with the constant handling, so he went to the doctor and asked what he should do.

'What you need is to give her some kind of aversion therapy,' the GP told him. 'Every time she starts fingering your penis, grab her, turn her on to her back and take her savagely from behind.'

James said that he would try it, and that night as he lay in bed, he waited for her to start 'changing gear'. Sure enough after five minutes, she grabbed him, and began moving it around, going, 'Brrrm, brrrrm.' Immediately James leaped into action, threw her onto her front, and thrust himself up her from behind.

'Ooh,' gasped his wife. 'That's it. Fill her up. I'll think she'll take about four gallons.'

Mayfair's cynical dictionary defines a wife as someone who can turn a rake into a lawn mower.

'What's it like being an egg?' the young chick asked his father the rooster.

'Not all it's cracked up to be, son,' he replied. 'You're only laid once, it takes four and half minutes to get hard, and the only person to sit on your face is your mother.'

What is the difference between a candle and chicken vindaloo?
A candle only burns at one end.

On his first date, Dave took Mary to the funfair.

'What would you like to do first?' he asked her.

'I want to be weighed,' Mary replied immediately with a smile on her face.

'Okay,' said Dave, and took her to the I Speak Your Weight machine.

'Nine stone eight ounces,' boomed the machine, and they headed for a ride on the rollercoaster. When the ride had finished, Dave asked Mary what she would like to do next.

'Get weighed,' she replied immediately. Dave was somewhat surprised but none the less took her back to the weighing machine, where once again, it announced that she was nine stone eight ounces.

Next they headed for the merry-go-round where after a couple of circuits, Dave noticed that Mary was looking rather down-hearted, so he asked her again what she would like to do.

'I want to get weighed,' she replied insistently.

'Are you sure?'

'Yes.'

'Alright then,' said Dave, and once again trekked over to the I Speak Your Weight machine. After it had confirmed that her weight still was nine stone eight ounces, Dave and Mary decided to leave the park. Turning to her, Dave saw that she was still looking miserable, despite the fact that he had done everything she asked, including having her weighed three times when she wanted.

'So did you have a good time?' he asked.

'No,' she said. 'Wousy.'

Is sex better than cannabis?
It depends on the pusher.

Walking past the local travel agent's shop, a man noticed an unbelievable bargain being advertised in the window. 'Mediterranean cruise, 14 days, only £20,' read the sign.

'That's excellent,' said the young man, and went in to book. As soon as he had paid, he was hit on the head, knocked unconscious, and bundled into a room. Half an hour later, another man went in to order the cruise. Soon he was knocked out, and hurled into the same room. A bit later on, a third man made the same mistake, and he suffered a similar fate.

The three men came to to find themselves drifting in an open rowing boat.

'Where are we?' demanded the first man.

'I don't know,' replied the second, 'but they'll soon send out a helicopter for us.'

'Don't yow believe it, bab,' said the third with a strong Birmingham accent. 'They didn't last year.'

They say that the parson's young daughter
Loved sex like no decent girl oughta.
But nothing she did
Stimulated her id
Like the spanking she got when he caught her.

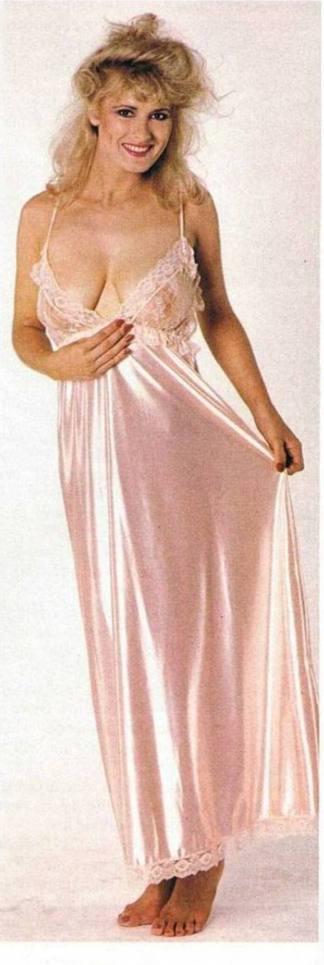
Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final

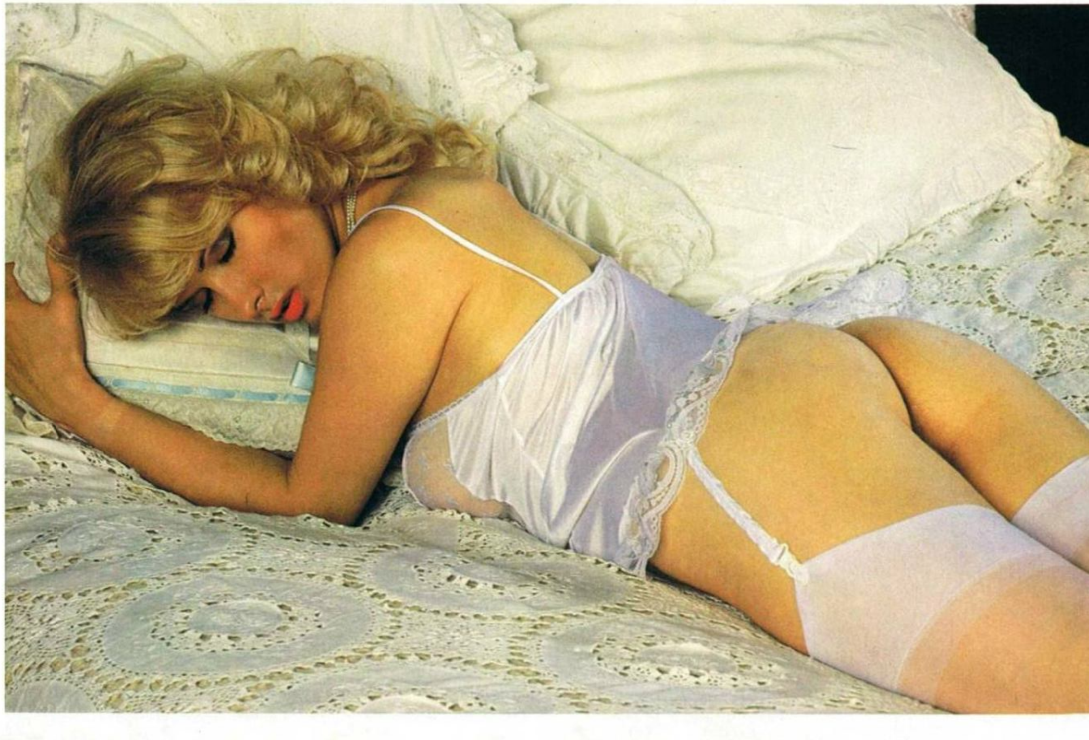
The girls you've asked to see

Sylvie our lingerie girl

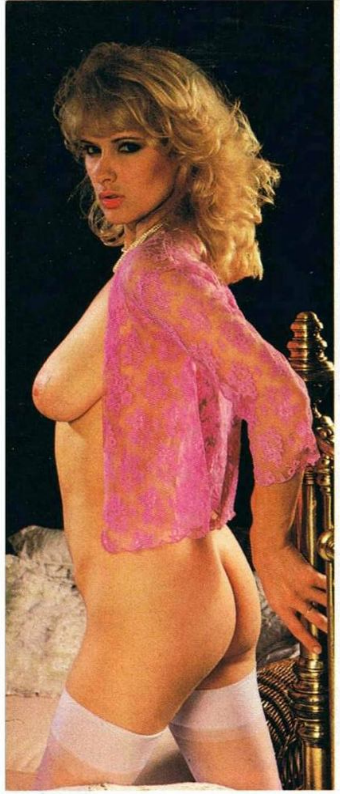
PHOTOGRAPHED BY DONALD MILNE

After hundreds of requests, in Vol 19 No 6 we featured Helen Masters, the brunette from our silk lingerie ad. We received dozens of letters of gratitude from her fans, but many more asking why we didn't feature her blonde colleague as well. This month we answer those pleas, as 23-year-old, 34-24-34 Sylvie Richards discards her *Mayfair* nightie (below) to bare all.





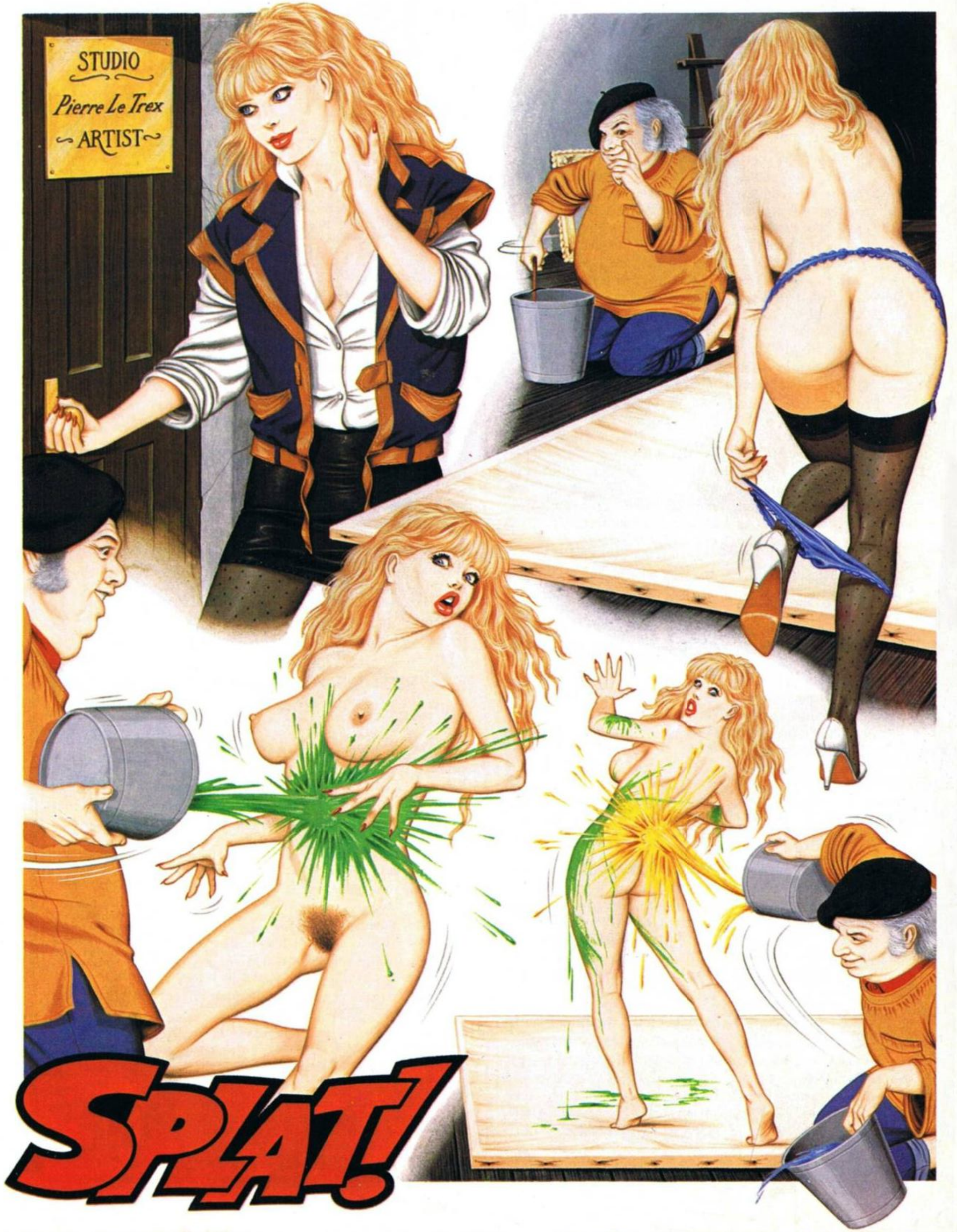
Sylvie keeps in trim with aerobic exercises and weight training. She can also be spotted in London's top night clubs, in particular *Tramp*. Sylvie is also a motoring enthusiast, and enjoys the car features in *Mayfair*. Given the choice, Sylvie says that she would love to drive a bright red Porsche, so take note. She is a lady of expensive tastes. However even the most impecunious would agree that she looks a million dollars in and out of our silk underwear. When asked she said her favourite garment was the nightie. But, sadly, the queue to join Sylvie and her teddy is remarkably long.

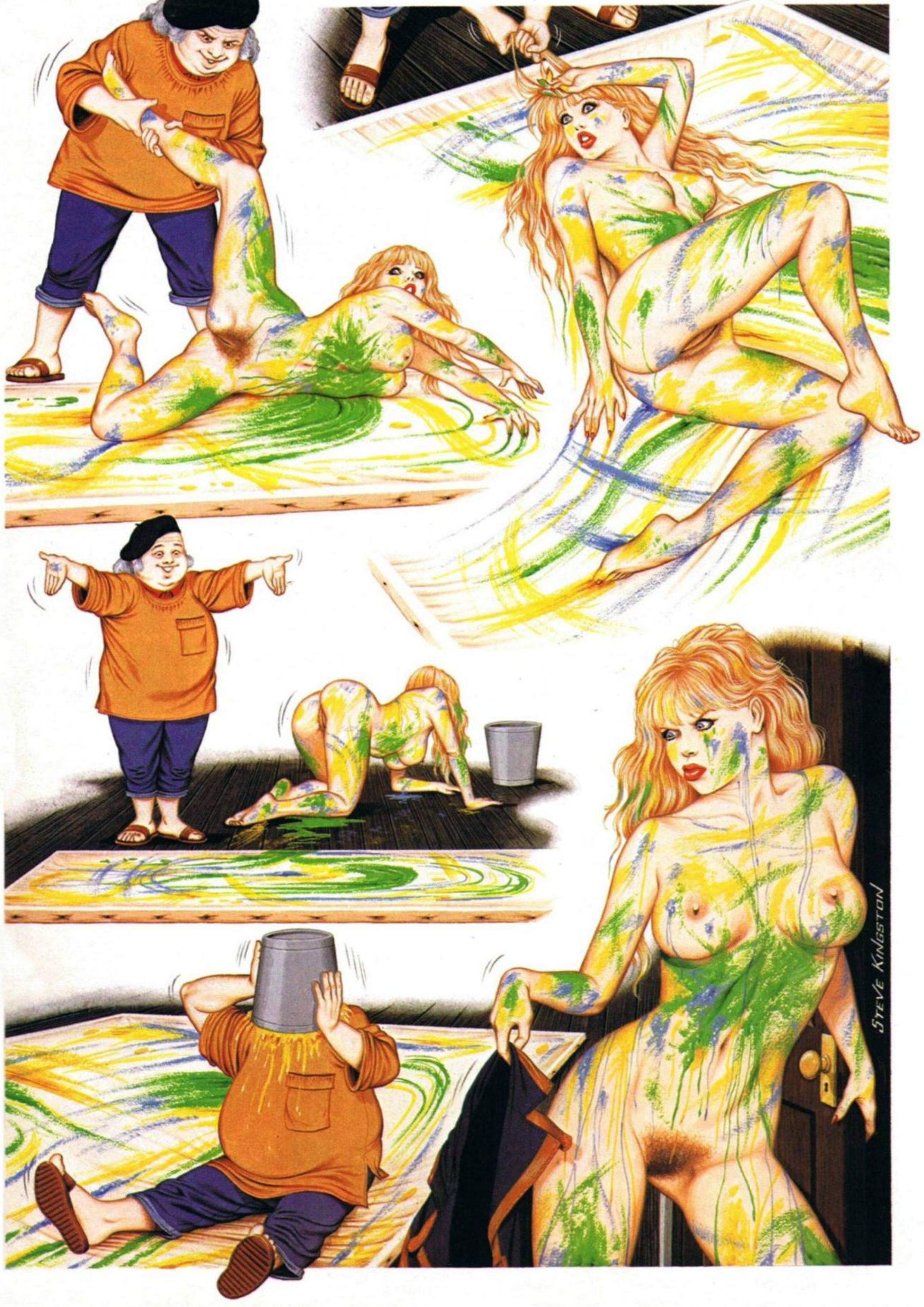


Sexy Sylvie was born in Warrington in Cheshire, then pressure of modelling work meant that she had to move to London two years ago. But she is no stranger to the big city. Prior to living in London, she worked in real estate in Los Angeles showing customers around houses, then she moved to New York. But real success came when she returned to England. Donald Milne picked her out of dozens of young hopefuls to appear in our lingerie advertisement, and work has continued to pour in ever since. Her ambition is to take up serious drama.

CARRIE

Our stripgirl hits the canvas when she helps out an artist


STUDIO
Pierre Le Trex
ARTIST
SPLAT!


STEVE KINGSTON

LETTERS

You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Can you tell me anything more about the beautiful lady in your F.L.A.S.H. photo-feature in Vol 19 No 3. Is she of Spanish/Middle Eastern origin, or just out of this world?

K Southall, New Zealand

We're only too pleased to help. Her name is Jackie St Clair, and she appeared in Vol 17 No 6 when she was also our covergirl. Back issues are still available.

I hope the recent exclusion of Carrie from your issues doesn't mean you're planning to retire her. She is to *Mayfair* what Jane was to the *Daily Mirror.*

It would be nice if she was honoured in a 'best of' compilation as the Carrie strip has always added a nice fantasy touch to a first class magazine.

S Farell, Isle of Man

Do not fear, Carrie has no plans of marrying and settling down to have a family. You'll find her in her usual spot this month.

During a recent cycle ride in the country I came across a desolate lane which I decided to explore. There was no traffic, and the only sound was the soft clicking of the three-speed gears. I suddenly came across a small dilapidated caravan, half-hidden by the trees. Feeling thirsty, I took a chance and walked up to it intending to ask for a glass of water.

The caravan had a small window with thick curtains drawn across it. I saw a lady's bicycle parked against the side of the caravan, and as I approached to lean my own cycle against it I distinctly heard a small female voice moaning from the inside. Taking a further chance I went round to the closed wooden door, and peeped into the keyhole.

What I saw astonishes me even now. The shabby interior was dim but discernable. At the opposite end of the room, and shoved into a corner, was a small bed. Lying on her side and facing the wall was a buxom woman with dark curly hair. Some moments later I recognised her as a friend of mine whom I'd always fancied but didn't have the courage of my convictions as I knew that she was married with two children.

She had always seemed a trifle inhibited to me, but here she was showing the most fabulous rounded thighs and bottom I've ever seen. She was laying with her skirt pulled up over those gorgeous thighs and bum, and her black panties pulled down to her knees. A very thin hawk-faced man lay behind her with his trousers pulled down. He was half-buried in the deep cleft of her bottom which quivered loosely as he moved against her. She was giving little squeals, and when she suddenly cried out I knew he had climaxed. Now I knew how she had acquired such a protruding *derrière.*

C H, Harrow

Fellow *Mayfair* readers might be amused by an odd episode which happened at my last place of employment. It was a computer manufacturing company, but I will keep the name secret to save those people concerned any undue embarrassment.

I worked in the sales department as a trainee rep. The department head was a rotund amiable fellow in his mid-forties whom I shall call Mr Good. From my first day with the company he made me feel at home, and showed me all the ropes. He also introduced me to his delectable personal secretary, Miss Peabody (name changed). Miss P was a small, well-proportioned vision of loveliness. She had a fair complexion with large grey eyes and chestnut-brown hair, which she wore to her neck.

I was totally unprepared for what I was to see that sultry mid-summer evening. I had stayed on to take inventory of a new stock of computer keyboards, and was in a large storeroom separated from Mr Good's office by a door.

I heard laughter through the air vent, and that attracted my interest. I put down my pen and list, and quietly went over to the door to investigate because I'd been told that Mr Good had gone home, and I feared burglars. Peering through the keyhole I saw, much to my surprise and relief, a red-faced Mr Good pursuing a giggling Miss P around the office. Transfixed, I stood watching in amazement as he leapt onto the gasping beauty, bringing her down onto the plush shag-pile with a resounding thump. Shag-pile is quite an appropriate name considering what happened.

Suddenly the friendly features of my genial boss turned into those of a demented lecher as he dropped his trousers and pants and proceeded to lift Miss P's dress. What happened next surprised me even more. Growling like a dog, the overweight sex-fiend bit through the elastic of Miss P's undies while she knelt on all fours, her delicious bottom stuck enticingly in the air. With a loud rip the stubborn knickers gave way to Mr Good's insistent assault, and soon lay tattered around Miss P's knees.

This barrier overcome, Mr Good gorged himself on the moaning beauty with loud slurping noises. They then threw off their remaining garments to engage in further acts of steamy sex. With a loud shout of, 'Rumpo, rumpo!' the hefty Mr Good advanced on the receptive Miss P who leapt into his chubby arms. Slipping her arms and legs about his considerable waist, Miss P urged him to roger her silly as she put it, and this he did with gusto. For a man of his weight and age, Good fared quite well, as his secretary endorsed with her moaning.

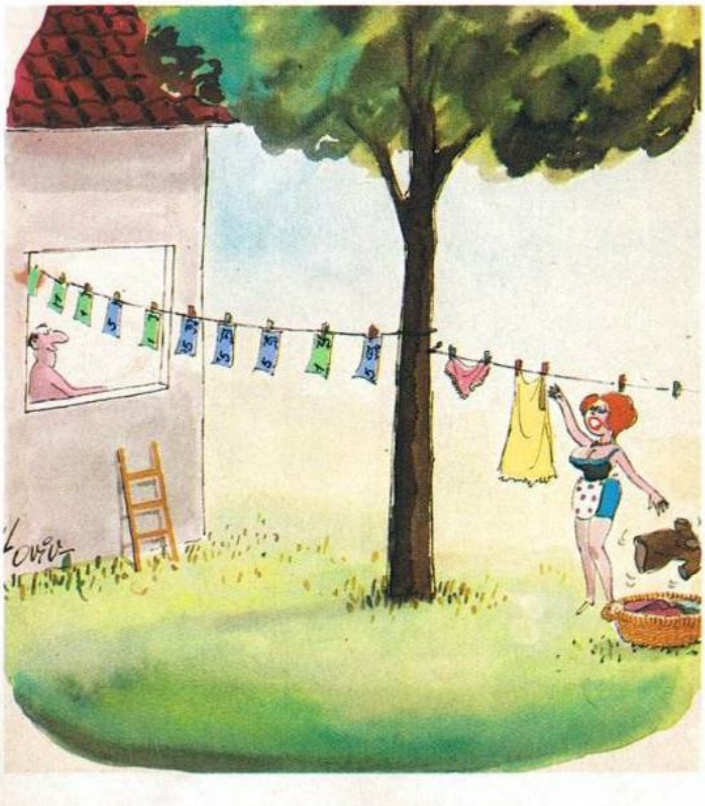
His face turning a darker shade of purple, Good allowed his persistent partner to ride him into the hallowed halls of ecstasy, giving the loudest yell I've ever heard. This was followed by Miss P's own love-yodel. They then both flaked out on the carpet, totally spent.

The next day I found it impossible to face either of them without giving away by my expression what I had seen.

(Name and address withheld)

I am a fun-loving female reader, currently working in the export business in the south of England. A recent letter in *Mayfair* from a girl who had discovered the wonderful pleasures of feet impressed me enough to pen a letter of my own. I made a similar discovery

turn to page 111



LETTERS

continued from page 11

several years ago, and enjoy this pastime immensely.

My initiation came while living in a flat in London which I shared with a very attractive young female hairdresser. We used to share many secrets, including a few conversations on sex. From time to time she would do my hair, after a good shower.

One evening while we were both enjoying a bottle of Chablis, and she was setting my hair, she remarked how beautiful my feet and toes were. She suggested that I should indulge myself in a pedicure as I would really enjoy the sensation, and my feet would look even more attractive. I told her that my budget wouldn't stand for such frivolous expenditure, but she insisted that if I did I would never be able to thank her enough.

One evening, following the ritual bathing and hair brushing, she said she would like to give me a pedicure. She lovingly soaked my feet, and tended to every part of them for an hour. I must admit, it was heaven. As more wine was consumed, she confessed to me that she was really into feet, and said that she and her lovers regularly involved her toes and feet in their lovemaking. I said I had too many hang-ups, and told her I would be embarrassed to ask any man to lick my feet. After all, they are crammed into tight shoes all day in a hot stuffy office. She replied that my feet were the cleanest part of my body at that moment, and any man would be happy to do anything to them I asked. I still felt uneasy, so I changed the subject to good old straight sex.

After a few more glasses of wine she began to tell me how to work my lover into a foot caressing mood. It was beginning to turn me on at this point, and then she said, 'What the hell, you have to have the actual experience to appreciate it.' She then picked up my foot and began stroking it and kissing my instep. After a few minutes, when I became more relaxed, she started to lick and suck on each toe, as though it were that part of a man. It was terrific. We never repeated that operation, but she continued to tend to my feet once a week, and I did hers as well. I was hooked, however, and was dying to get a dishy man to do it properly. My big chance came at a smart dinner party where I was the guest of a very attractive young man from Sweden. I don't usually go to bed with a man on the first meeting, but this one seemed different. Towards the end of the evening he began a methodical exploration of my body, trying to find the telltale signs of my erogenous areas. He was rubbing my neck, quite privately so as not to attract attention, and whispered in my ear, asking if I enjoyed that. I told him that my pleasures were at the other end of my body, and asked him if he thought I had pretty feet.

I thought it would take some time to get him interested, but he just reached under the table, pulled my shoe off, and began caressing my foot. Once back in his room he continued the operation with his mouth performing expertly. When we made love we climaxed with my foot at his lips as he gently sucked my toes.

Since that first time I have not yet met a man who won't get in touch with these pleasures, and most of my friends in the exercise class admit to loving attention to their feet.

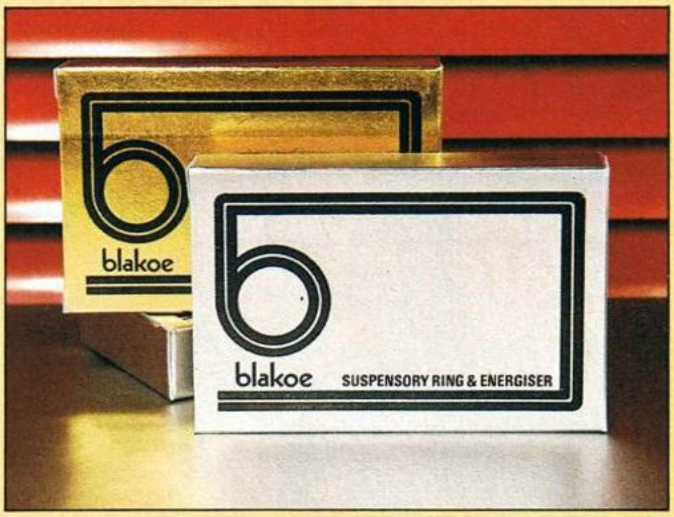
Ms C M, Portsmouth

My wife was taken ill recently, and had to spend a few weeks in hospital, so I took time off work to look after our two small children. Looking after them full time, cooking, washing and so on, was pretty exhausting, so Mary (name changed) a friend of ours, came to stay and help out. She joins in just like one of the family.

Our house is a smallish three-bedroomed building, so the kids have a room each, and guests have to sleep in the living room on the floor. Children have no respect whatever for anyone wishing to sleep once they're up at about 5.30am, so I'd take them downstairs to the living room and give them their breakfast as quietly as possible without waking up Mary. A little later I decided to take her a cup of tea.

It's amazing how sound asleep someone who's used to waking up much later can be at that time of the morning. Sometime during the night the duvet cover had slipped off, and to my surprised eyes revealed Mary sleeping absolutely naked. She is quite a fitness fanatic, and does a lot of dancing and

turn to page 114



Blakoe gives you more sex power

Blakoe, the name that guarantees performance and satisfaction in lovemaking.

Dr. Robert Blakoe's original research into male sex problems has produced the Blakoe Energising Ring for impotence and partial erection problems. The Blakoe Energising Ring is backed by Doctors' clinical trials and testimonials from all over the World.

Subsequent scientific investigation produced the Powermaster Penis Developer which is now the product leading Sexologists recommend because of its effectiveness in achieving greater length and girth of the male organ.

Testimonials:
"The Blakoe Suspensory Ring has worked wonders with me. And when I say wonders I mean wonders" AB
"I must say the energising ring is fantastic . . . I must give full marks to the 'energiser'" . . . Physician M.B., Ch,B.

blakoe
Blakoe Limited
229 Putney Bridge Road,
London SW15 2PY

Please send me under confidential plain cover, full details of: Dr. Blakoe's Energising Ring, including clinical tests and testimonials+Powermaster Penis Developer. (FREE) ☐

OR SEND FOR:
Energising Ring (standard) £19 ☐
Measurement* ....
Adjustable Energising Ring £33 ☐
Measurement* ....
Powermaster Super 9" or 12" £90 ☐
Size required ....

Name__________
Address__________
____
____
_____ Post Code_____

*Pass a piece of string underneath and behind the testicle bag; take both ends above penis base. Measure length of string when it is pulled comfortably tight.

I understand that you guarantee complete privacy and will not pass my name to sex firms or clinics.

All major international credit cards accepted. Give number. Overseas orders add £3 for airmail.

The copper-bottomed Blakoe guarantee.
I understand that if I wish to return any item ordered from Blakoe within 14 days of receipt, I will get full refund of my money without question.
Blakoe have been in the sexual aid business longer than anyone else. You can trust their guarantee.

The unique Blakoe confidentiality guarantee.

Blakoe Limited, 229 Putney Bridge Road, London SW15 2PY

LETTERS

continued from page 111

aerobics, and this was my first chance to see the effects this exercise had on her body. Luckily she was lying on her side, so there I was at 6am able to inspect her tanned body from all angles. She had smallish but wonderfully firm breasts with surprisingly large nipples. In the early morning sunlight I could see the little hairs forming a crest on her spine. Exercise had given her thighs that looked strong and supple, and the sort of bum you could really sink your nails into.

She began to stir, and I felt I was going to be caught with Mary thinking I'd exposed her. But she just rolled onto her back, and slightly lifted one knee. Mary now left nothing to my imagination.

She had dark hair, and was obviously ready for the summer weather – not only had she trimmed her pubes inside her bikini line, but they were also cut quite short, giving me the most beautiful view of her soft pink lips gently gaping to reveal her perfect clitoris.

Fortunately the kids had gone off to amuse themselves somewhere. I was only wearing a bathrobe which did little to restrain the erection I couldn't help but put a hand to. With each little sleeping movement she made, her legs parted further and further until her vagina was so open I could feel myself mentally easing my way into her.

I was busy imagining us building up to an unrestrained climax when either the lack of sheets or the noise of the kids must have woken her. But during that moment of waking, and before instinctively pulling the covers back over herself, she knew where my eyes had been, and I'm sure in that split second she also saw where my hands had been.

Mary must have known that I would not make any advances towards her as a good family friend, but she must have sensed the pleasure I was getting from seeing her body. Over the next couple of weekends I was subjected to numerous visual treats, some brief, and some lingering. For instance, while we were in the garden that same afternoon Mary was wearing shorts and a loose-fitting T-shirt which enabled me to catch the odd glimpse of her breasts as she moved about. It was getting really hot, and suddenly out of the blue she said, 'Don't mind if I catch some sun, do you?' and pulled off her T-shirt, revealing breasts which were now glistening slightly with beads of sweat. I was wearing only a pair of very brief swimming trunks, and I had to mentally force myself from getting an erection.

Mary saw the way I had watched her remove her top, and proceeded to torment me further by removing her shorts as well. She had on just a tiny pair of really thin white cotton knickers, and lay face-down to sunbathe, constantly squirming about (either to make herself comfortable or me uncomfortable) in the heat. Her knickers began to cling with the perspiration so that her pussy was perfectly clear to see, the thin material tightly hugging her lips. Needless to say I was lying down myself by this time, wondering how to get my throbbing erection back into my swimming trunks before it became too obvious.

My wife is home now, but I look forward to Mary's next visit because although the teasing can be really frustrating it's also fantastically exciting, and makes me incredibly randy for the whole weekend. So my wife benefits too.

J W, London SE22

Jean Rutledge, the delicious 16-year-old centregirl in Vol 19 No 5, was very attractive and so cheeky. Please can we have more pictures of her revealing her young thighs, and giving us such tantalising glimpses of her white silky knickers.

It is more sexually appealing when your girls wear plain white deep-sided semi-transparent nylon knickers, with their clothing arranged in a provocative and pert fashion. Please let us have more. Their natural and semi-naked shy poses are extremely fetching.

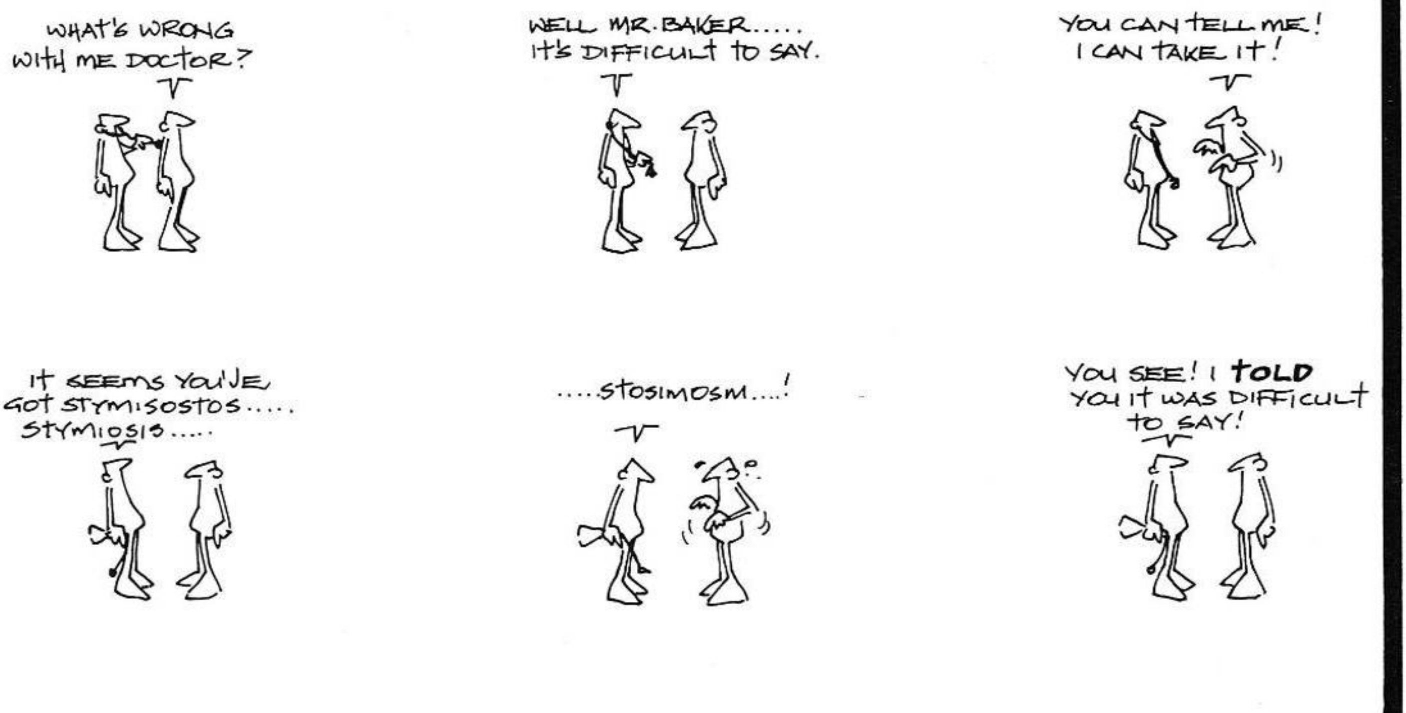
J J, London

Here's an amusing piece of graffiti I spotted in the gents of a Windsor pub: Support your local taxidermist – get stuffed.

A D, Eton

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

CAZ


WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME DOCTOR?
WELL MR. BAKER..... IT'S DIFFICULT TO SAY.
YOU CAN TELL ME! I CAN TAKE IT!
IT SEEMS YOU'VE GOT STYMISOSTOS..... STYMIOSIS.....
.....STOSIMOSM....!
YOU SEE! I TOLD YOU IT WAS DIFFICULT TO SAY!

Mayfair's lingerie offer
SENSUOUS PURE SILK

G) Pure silk camisole in seductive black, or elegant ivory (H). Sizes small/med (10-12) and large (14-16).

J) Pure silk three-piece set (bra, bikini briefs and suspender belt) in ivory, or black (K). Sizes small (34"), med (36") and large (38").

L) Saucy silk French knickers in ivory, or devastating black (M). Small/med (10-12) and large (14-16).

Silk has been recognised by generations as the most sensual of fabrics – cool, delicate and utterly sophisticated. Now *Mayfair* offers the chance for the lady in your life to look and feel as good as our models Samantha Fox and Debbie Boyland with a collection of pure silk lingerie at incredibly low prices. Our silk underwear has been especially selected with you in mind, and made for *Mayfair* here in Britain from the finest imported silks. What's more you can trust us only to offer garments made to the very highest standards possible. Send off today.

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

To: FASHION OFFER, Mayfair Magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Please send me:
Qty ______ camisole top(s) in black (item G) at £14.95. Size ______
Qty ______ camisole top(s) in ivory (item H) at £14.95. Size ______
Qty ______ 3-peice set(s) in ivory (item J) at £19.95. Size ______
Qty ______ 3-piece set(s) in black (item K) at £19.95. Size ______
Qty ______ French knickers in ivory (item L) at £9.95. Size ______
Qty ______ French knickers in black (item M) at £9.95. Size ______

I enclose cheque/postal order for £.........made payable to Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd. Or debit my Access/American Express account.

MY CARD NO. IS ....

NAME ....

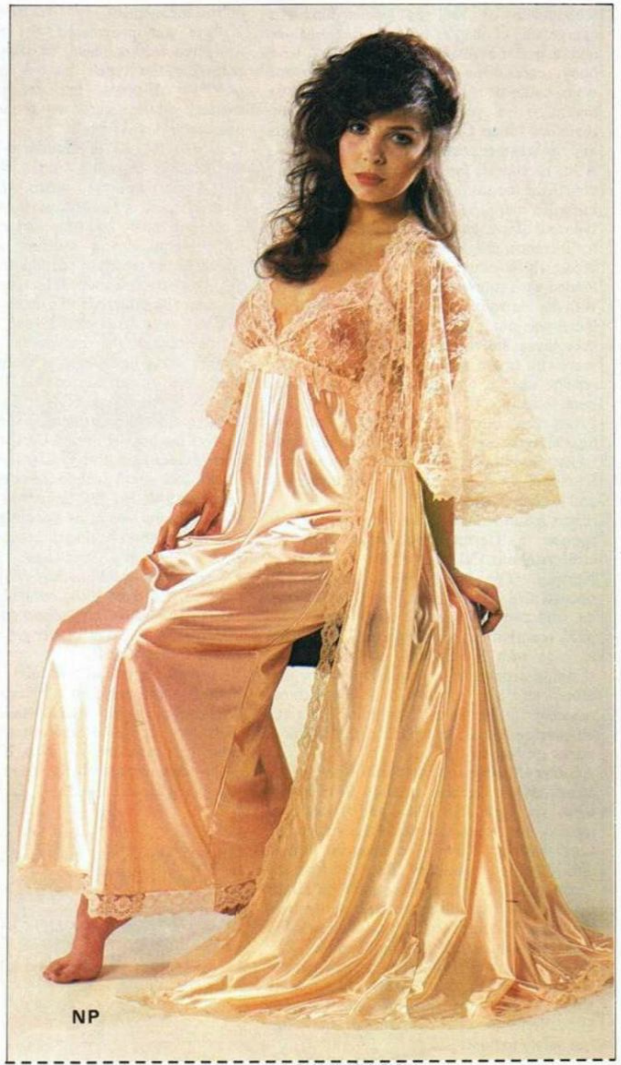
ADDRESS ....

.... SIGNATURE ....

Please allow 21 days for delivery. If you are not completely satisfied, simply return goods unmarked within 28 days of receipt for immediate refund. All prices include postage, packing, VAT and insurance. Customers outside Europe add £3.50 to total to ensure air mail delivery. All payments from abroad should be in Sterling (I.M.O.). M199

If you do not wish to cut your magazine, photocopy this coupon or send your order on plain paper, stating all relevant information.

Our seductive collection:
Special savings with Mayfair's exotic lingerie



It's late: time to retire for the night. Then, you feast your eyes upon your lady, sexy and sophisticated in our exotic lingerie: an alluring nightdress in satin-like material, and matching negligee in a delicate apricot colour, trimmed with lace. Previously sold as separate garments, we are now able to offer them as a set, saving nearly £4 on the individual prices. Or, for those playful nights treat her to our sheer nylon basque in red, also trimmed with lace, complete with matching tanga briefs. And any woman will feel more daringly sexy when she puts on our sheer glass nylon seamed black stockings.

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

To: FASHION OFFER, Mayfair Magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Please send me:
Qty ...... nightdress and matching negligee set(s), one size, (item NP) at £33.95
Qty ...... basque(s) with briefs (item R) (34", 36", 38" bust) at £24.95
Qty ...... nylon stockings in black (item S) (s, m, l) at £2.50

I enclose cheque/postal order for £............ made payable to Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd. Or debit my Access/American Express account.

MY CARD NO IS ....

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

.... SIGNATURE M199

Please allow 21 days for delivery. If you are not completely satisfied, simply return goods unmarked within 28 days of receipt for immediate refund. All prices include postage, packing VAT and insurance. Customers outside Europe add £3.50 to total to ensure air mail delivery. All payments from abroad should be in Sterling (IMO)

IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO CUT YOUR MAGAZINE, PHOTOCOPY THIS COUPON OR SEND YOUR ORDER ON PLAIN PAPER, STATING ALL RELEVANT INFORMATION

Sunderland: the flying porcupine

continued from page 50

vessel was doomed, and scuttled her. There were 41 survivors.

The Sunderlands spent many fruitless hours on patrol, indeed boredom could become as great an enemy as the Luftwaffe.

The pilot of a flying-boat had something of the qualities of the sailor about him, for he was obliged to have a sound knowledge of seamanship as well as airmanship. His charge was classed as both a flying machine and a surface vessel: it was moored to a buoy, carried an anchor, the instruments were calibrated in knots (the speed was measured in sea miles per hour), and therefore sound knowledge of tides, currents and the weather were essential.

Also, of course, he had to be familiar with charts, in the same way that a bomber pilot knew his maps, be capable of recognising all types of ships, and learn to read signs like, for instance, seagulls flocking in a particular area, which could well indicate a lifeboat loaded with shipwrecked sailors, or a dinghy with its downed airmen. And all the time there was that vast expanse of water and sky, those endless hours of patrolling and searching in ten mile squares, often without results, until it was time for the long haul back to base.

From the start of World War II the Sunderlands were operational, flying from bases in Wales, Devon, Cornwall, the Shetlands, and later in the Mediterranean and Indian Ocean.

It was a Sunderland which, on April 8, 1940, spotted a German battleship and two cruisers about 130 miles off the west coast of Norway. The enemy ships immediately opened fire on the Sunderland, which was hit, and two of its petrol tanks holed. This pilot reported his sightings, and flew back to base with 300 gallons of fuel lost and slopping around in the hull! That same day other aircraft, including a Sunderland, reported further enemy warships along the Norwegian coast, confirming the German attack on Norway.

Another Sunderland was involved in the attack on the German warship *Scharnhorst* when on June 21, 1940, the flying boat sighted the enemy battle-cruiser heading south with an escort of destroyers. For an hour the Sunderland was under fire from the German ships, during which time an attack by four RN Swordfish torpedo bombers was mounted. The Sunderland itself was attacked by Messerschmitt Me 109 fighters, and after a fight of around 30 minutes, three damaged 109s limped away, a fourth fighter having plunged into the sea in flames. The Sunderland was slightly damaged, but returned safely to base.

On another occasion, a Sunderland flew up the Norwegian coast from Trondhjem to Narvik, and on spotting a German barracks with troops on the parade ground, promptly released a number of bombs on the scene. It then went on to attack a motor convoy, and bombed a large ship in Narvik harbour before being hit by anti-aircraft fire. This put the front and rear turrets out of action, and damaged the tailplane, but the Sunderland returned home only to find it necessary to make an emergency landing off the Scottish coast due to bad weather.

Unable to moor the aircraft successfully, the crew had to taxi up and down all night until daylight allowed the Sunderland to be towed into a cove, and beached. Later on the way south for final repairs, she was attacked by a Messerschmitt Me 110 twin-engined fighter, and armed only with one machine-gun the Sunderland forced the plane to break off the engagement.

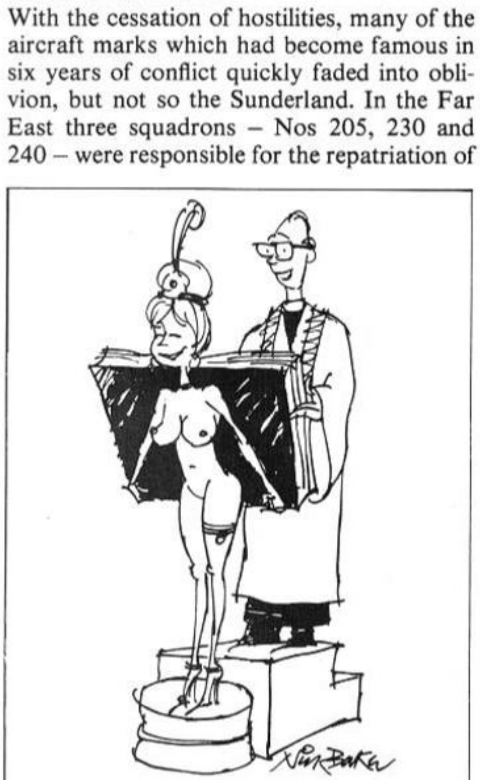
As the war progressed, the Sunderlands wandered further afield, the Bay of Biscay becoming the type's hunting ground, not only for U-boats, but enemy blockade runners, while several aerial-combats took place with the Luftwaffe.

During 1942, 10 Squadron used its Sunderlands in attacks on a motor vessel near Cape Finisterre, which was forced to take refuge in a Spanish port; on an Italian merchant ship and its escorting motor torpedo-boat; on a medium size tanker, which had to return to port damaged; and on a U-boat that sustained bad damage from the attacking Sunderland's depth charges.

U-boats were fitted with 37 and 20mm guns to counteract the increasing number of attacks being made against them by the aircraft of Coastal Command. This in turn prompted the fitting of four forward firing guns to some Sunderlands. Even so attacks against the heavily armed U-boats continued from Iceland, in the Western Approaches, and further south around the coast of Africa.

During 1944, No 230 Squadron went to the Far East, and two of its Sunderlands made a daring operation behind the Japanese lines in Burma. Flying between the River Brahmaputra and Lake Ludawqyi, these aircraft carried over 530 wounded Chindits to safety. This same Sunderland squadron also operated in the Bay of Bengal prior to the end of World War II.

With the cessation of hostilities, many of the aircraft marks which had become famous in six years of conflict quickly faded into oblivion, but not so the Sunderland. In the Far East three squadrons – Nos 205, 230 and 240 – were responsible for the repatriation of British prisoners of war, while another unit, No 209 Squadron, was based in Ceylon, Hong Kong and finally Seletar, from where, in September 1946, the squadron's Sunderlands began operations against the communist guerillas in Malaya.



'So, having updated the prayer book, we thought . . .'

Later, 209 Squadron was joined at Seletar by No 205 Squadron. In 1946, another Sunderland squadron was formed at Kai Tak, No 88, which was mainly used as a transport unit to fly between Hong Kong and Japan. This squadron became better known in April 1949, when one of its Sunderlands flew a doctor and medical supplies to *HMS Amethyst* during the Yangtse river incident, despite being fired upon from Chinese shore batteries.

In 1948 the Berlin Air Lift got underway, and Sunderlands from Nos 201 and 203 Squadrons flew from Finkenwerder on the Elbe, to Havel See, a large lake in West Berlin. Between July and December, the Sunderlands flew over 1,000 sorties, carrying 4,847 tons of freight, refugees and more than 1,100 children who required food and medical care.

Within two weeks of the Korean War erupting, the Sunderlands of No 88 Squadron were in action, to be joined by those of Nos 205 and 209 Squadrons. During the Korean conflict, the Sunderlands between them flew 13,380 hours of operational flying time on no less than 1,647 sorties.

A fitting climax to the Sunderland's great career with the RAF was its employment during the British North Greenland Expedition of 1951-1954 when, during the late summer, the Greenland lakes being free of ice, Sunderlands from Nos 201 and 230 Squadrons ferried supplies and equipment from Young Sound to Britannia Lake, the Expedition's camp 800 miles from the North Pole. Sunderlands later flew all the members, together with their husky dogs, back to Pembroke Dock in South Wales.

Interest in flying boats declined in the 1950s, the RAF being no exception, and on February 28, 1957, the home-based Nos 201 and 230 Squadrons were disbanded, the Sunderland continued to serve in the Far East, however, operating with Nos 205 and 209 Squadrons until May 20, 1959. On that day a farewell flight by Sunderlands from Seletar brought the type's 21 years of service with the RAF to an end.

A number of Sunderlands soldiered on in foreign air arms after the war, the RNZAF retiring its last Sunderland in March 1967. South Africa used several machines on coastal patrol duties. The French Aeronavale employed its Sunderlands with Escadrille 7FE based at Dakar, the last three being withdrawn during 1960.

There were many heroic exploits of this great British aircraft, and there is no doubt that the Sunderland has carved for itself a well-earned niche in the annals of RAF history. Indeed a fitting tribute to this magnificent flying-boat has been made by having two examples placed on permanent exhibition in two of the more important aviation museums. One Sunderland (ML796) is at the Imperial War Museum, Duxford, while the other machine (ML824) stands in the RAF Museum at Hendon.